

TOUR  
of the  
ISLE of WIGHT.

*The Drawings taken & engraved in Aquatinta*

*By J. HASSSELL.*

*"I wish I had been with you to see the Isle of Wight."*

Vol. I.

Johnson.



LONDON

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1790.





T O U R  
O F  
THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

THE DRAWINGS TAKEN AND ENGRAVED

BY J. HASSELL.

DEDICATED, BY PERMISSION, TO

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE DUKE OF CLARENCE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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VOLUME THE FIRST.

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*I wish I had been with you to see the Isle of Wight.* JOHNSON.

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L O N D O N :

PRINTED BY JOHN JARVIS ;

FOR THOMAS HOOKHAM, IN NEW BOND-STREET.

MDCCXC.





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TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS  
THE  
DUKE OF CLARENCE.

---

SIR,

*ENCOURAGED* by the honour your Royal Highness has done me in permitting your name to appear at the head of this Work, I trust my exertions to render it worthy of so exalted and illustrious a patronage, have not been totally unsuccessful. To raise to public notice a young and enterprising Artist, was the principal motive that influenced me to undertake the Work. If the success should be such as to pave the way for his future advancement, I shall be happy; at the same time I shall ever retain a high sense



DEDICATION.

*of the obligation your Royal Highness has conferred upon me, by thus honouring the Work with your patronage.*

*I am,*

*with profound respect,*

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS'S

*most obliged, most obedient,*

*and very humble servant,*

T. HOOKHAM.

*New Bond-street,  
May 1st, 1790.*

INTRO-

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## INTRODUCTION.

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FROM a Tour of this kind, in which the beauties of Nature are the object of our search, we experience a pleasure that few other amusements can furnish. — The picturesque views, which at every step present themselves to an observant eye, while they pass unnoticed by the plodding or hasty passenger, afford the sentimental one a fund of entertainment, which at once delights and improves the mind.

Almost every division of the kingdom in which we have the happiness to live (we term it *happiness*, not only on account of the mildness of its government, but the beauty and fertility of the country), exhibit spots, that from the variety, richness, and contrast of their parts, invite the pencil of the Artist.—But in none of them can these requisites more abound, than in the places which are the subject of the following pages;  
the



the Isle of Wight and its vicinities being allowed to yield a rich assemblage of all those beauties that enchant the eye.

To a description of those beauties, as they must present themselves to the imagination of every one that has a taste for picturesque scenes, shall we chiefly confine ourselves; interspersing only such historical traits of the situation, productions, antiquities, curiosities, &c. as may tend to relieve the subject.

During the course of the Tour, the Author sometimes travelled alone, and sometimes in company; as will appear from his frequently using throughout the work, both the pronouns *I* and *we*.

It may be necessary to observe, that in the comparisons made with the works of the modern Artists referred to, the scenes or colouring which most forcibly struck him, were the stile, and the time of the day that each Artist courted.

And

And it might be no less needful to add, that as he does not profess to be deeply versed in natural history and antiquity, he trusts his observations on the natural productions and antiquities of the Isle of Wight, will not be too minutely criticised by such as are more studied in those sciences, should he have been mistaken in any points. To have passed them entirely over, would have appeared neglectful ; he therefore has noticed them as they fell in his way, designing his remarks rather as hints for their speculation, or for their amusement, than as exact and scientific accounts.

The Picturesque Beauties of such particular scenes being conveyed by his eye to his mind, were instantly on the spot noted by his pen ; and the descriptive remarks will, he flatters himself, afford pleasure, not only to those who read his work in the closet, but also to those who may have an opportunity of viewing the same scenes.

*J. HASSELL.*



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E R R A T A.

Page 27, line 17, for *Harry the Eighth also laid*, read  
*Henry the Sixth laid*.

Page 170, line 16, for *allum*, read *allum stones*.

Page 193 line, 12, for *is in for man*, read *is in form an*.

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OF  
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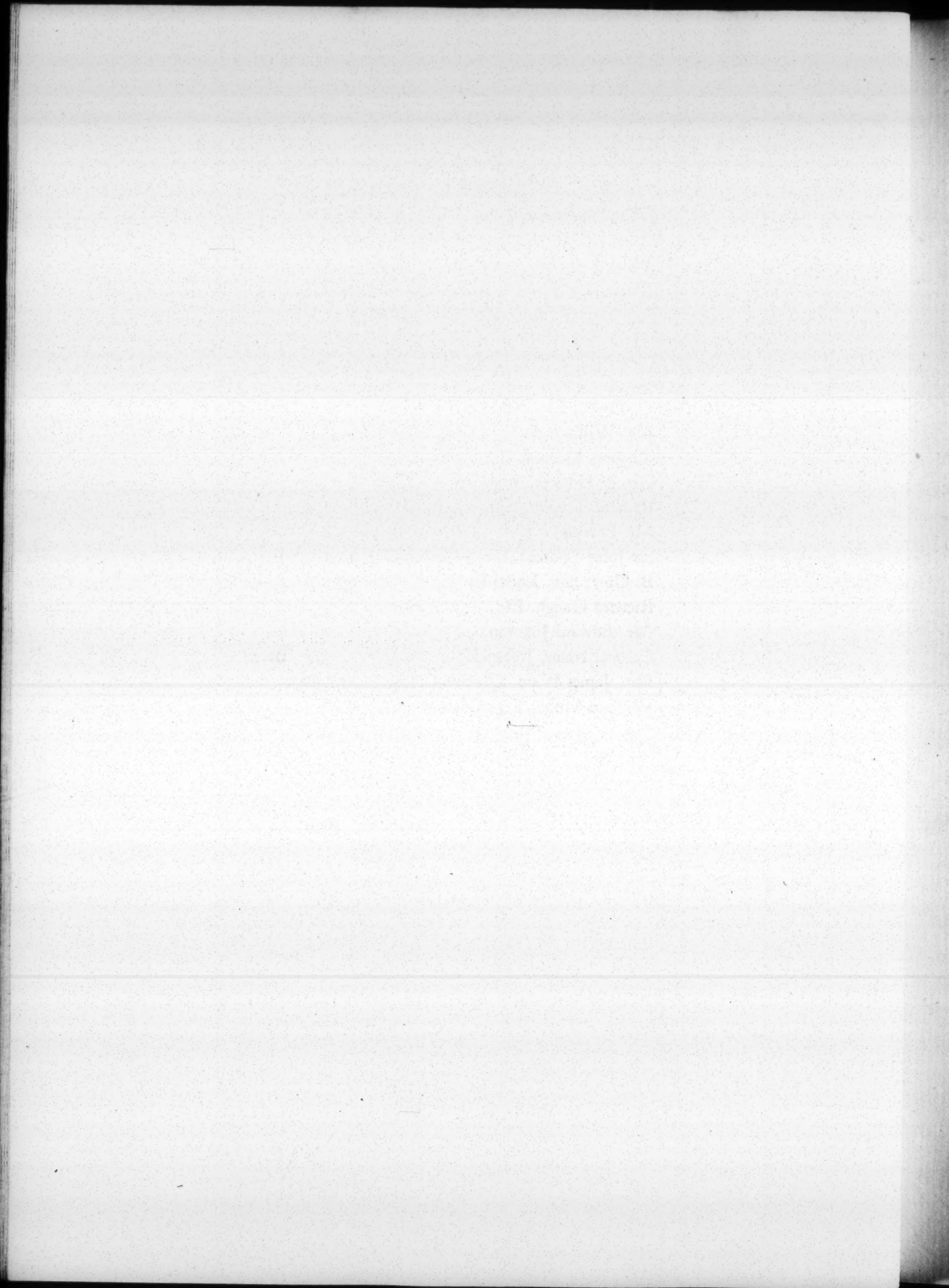
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## TOUR

# TOUR OF THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

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## SECTION I.

**H**AVING left London during the last summer, in order to make our intended Tour of the Isle of Wight, we passed through HammerSmith and Hounslow, to Egham; near which lies the famous mead wherein king John executed the charter which proved the foundation of our present happy constitution. From Egham, we proceeded through a part of Windsor Forest, so beautifully described by Pope, to Bagshot Heath.

VOL. I.

B

Adjacent



Adjacent to the heath, on the right hand, stands a villa, where we could not help remarking a cascade, in which one of those beauties seems to be aimed at, where *Art* can never possibly rival *Nature*. It consists of a combined small parcel of stones, regularly placed, over which is conducted a small stream, that, by the time it has passed the first row of stones, appears like several water-pipes playing down a smooth passage, and disgusto the picturesque eye.

Leaving Bagshot, we traversed the heath on the left; Blackwater &c. lying on the right. Surely, even to view this heath, is a sufficient temptation for the many depredations that are committed on it. The length of it is so dreary, and the gloom which overspreads it so horrid, that even the lively month of June can scarcely erase the marks of terror that incessantly present themselves to the traveller's eye. From Egham, till you arrive within three or four miles of Farnham, a tract of near twenty miles, the country round exhibits a most desolate scene.

Farnham

Farnham is scarcely seen till you are close upon it. This town lies in a pleasant valley, and is well watered. The ouzy soil, by which it is entirely surrounded, is appropriated to the growth of hops, and usually stands the farmers in from ten to twenty-two pounds per acre. The hops produced here are acknowledged to be the best in England.

The bishop of Winchester's palace is situated on a rising ground. It was built by king Stephen, for the use of his brother, Henry de Blois, bishop of Winchester, and continued for some time to belong to the royal family ; but in a subsequent reign it was affixed to the see of Winchester, and is now the chief summer residence of the present bishop. The numerous possessors of this ancient building have almost metamorphosed it. The castle still remains ; and the top of it is nearly an acre of ground, converted into a fruit garden. At the bottom of the castle are the remains of a thick wall, which formerly served as a redoubt ; below that, what was then a deep ditch, is now a kitchen garden.



From the top of the castle are seen very extensive views. Suffex appears quite close; while the utmost limits of Hampshire scarcely bound the horizon. Berkshire, to the north-west, binds its other distance; and the delightful spot belonging to Mr. Bacon, called Moore Park, affords another agreeable view.

In the last mentioned retired spot, dean Swift wrote many of his works; the proprietor of it at that time, being his most particular friend. That celebrated author, and his host, passed the principal part of their leisure hours on Crooksbury Hill, and at night, having reviewed the compositions of the day, committed such parts as on a revival did not please, to the flames.

From Farnham to Alton is an agreeable and picturesque country.—A noble range of woods, the property of lord Stawell, form a variety of side-screens for a picture. But the views, in general, though pleasing, are very contracted.—A sufficient quantity of water meanders through the valley from  
Farnham,

Farnham, which adds frequent beauties to the scenes. The old Roman road that led from Winchester, their *Vente Belgarium*, to London, is still discernable as far as Alton.

A continued sameness reigns all the way from Alton to Alresford. At the entrance of this town are seen the seats of colonels Rodney and Sheriffe. That which is built of brick, is the property of the former; the white one, of the latter. The duke of Chandos has a seat about five miles from Alresford, called Alvingdon; but nothing of antiquity lies near it.

About a mile from Alresford, a most delightful valley presents itself;—well wooded and watered;—while here and there a straggling cottage, bursting from a clump of trees, enlivens the rural scenes.

We now enter the downs of Winchester;—a prospect entirely different from what we had hitherto seen. On the first ascent, the woody parts towards Southampton skirt the horizon; while a turnpike in the  
middle



middle of a small copse breaks the first distance;—each hill gradually rising over another, and terminating in a soft confusion.

Winchester is situated in a valley, through which the river Itching takes its course, and is navigable up to the east end of the town, where there is a wharf; at which the barges from Southampton and the adjacent country, unload.

We find this city to have been no inconsiderable place, so far back as the reign of king Athelstone; who granted it the privilege of six mints for the coinage of money. It was frequently the residence of the West Saxon kings, who held their courts here; and one of whom erected it into a bishop's see, by translating the bishopric of Dorchester hither. It has been three times burnt down; and about the year 860 was demolished by the Danes.

Close by the west gate stands king Arthur's palace. Egbert, the first Saxon king in whom the sovereignty of all England  
was

was vested, was crowned in it ; and after him Alfred, and Edward the Confessor ; besides several other princes of the Saxon line. The unfortunate Rufus made a point of being crowned here every Christmas ; and Richard Cœur de Lion, after his arrival from the holy wars, and the long imprisonment he had undergone during his return, was a second time crowned in this castle. Henry the Fifth held his parliament here, before he embarked for France.

In the reign of Stephen, we find it again desolated. The empress Maud, during the civil wars of that period, having gained a complete victory over the forces of the king, she fixed her head quarters in this city ; but the inhabitants not being well affected to her cause, with the assistance of Henry de Blois, the king's brother, at that time bishop of the diocese, they betrayed it into the hands of Stephen, and Maud narrowly escaped being made prisoner. This she effected by stratagem ; causing herself to be conveyed out of the town as a corpse, through the thickest of her enemies.

During



During Cromwell's wars, it was several times besieged by the parliament's forces, and at last was taken by sir William Waller, one of their generals, who again demolished the greatest part of it.

In the county hall we see the famous round table of king Arthur. It is composed of a solid piece of wood, eighteen feet in diameter. The people of the town trace its antiquity to the time of king Arthur, twelve hundred years back, while others suppose its origin to be of a much more modern date. Tournaments were held here by Arthur's knights, before the king and his court.

Adjoining to the chapel, and on the spot where the castle once stood, sir Christopher Wren, by command of king Charles the Second, formed a design for a palace, in which that monarch intended to entertain his whole court, and to amuse them with various kinds of divertizements. And though this plan was only in part carried into execution, the building is magnificent  
and

and spacious, the south side being two hundred and sixteen feet long, the west three hundred and twenty-eight feet; and notwithstanding it is but a shell, it cost upwards of twenty-five thousand pounds. The grand duke of Tuscany presented Charles with several marble pillars of exquisite workmanship, which were to have supported the roof of the grand stair-case. These were afterwards given by George the First to the duke of Bolton. A handsome ballustrade runs quite round the top, and the inside of the court is adorned with porticos. Had the whole of the plan been executed, it would have been a palace worthy of the gay and expensive monarch who caused it to be erected; but his death happening before it was completed, the further prosecution of it was laid aside; and the only use it has been put to since, is being made a place of confinement for the French and Spanish prisoners taken during our late wars.

In a meadow adjacent to the town, called Danemarck Mead, the famous Guy earl of Warwick is said to have encountered and vanquished Colbrand, the Danish giant.



The present cathedral, which is a grand and venerable structure, was founded about the year 1070, by bishop Walkelyn, a Norman, under the patronage of William the Conqueror, and dedicated to St. Swithin. After this, William of Wykeham improved it ; but bishop Fox is said to have brought it to its present state.

After nine hundred years endowment, it was seized, with the rest of the church lands, by Henry the Eighth, and the plate, ornaments, and images, converted to his use, and deposited in his treasury. Having given this proof of his love for the church, he re-established it on its present foundation, and as some recompence for his depredations, granted permission to dedicate it to the Holy Trinity. Since that period, it is frequently called Trinity Church. The clerical establishment consists of one dean, twelve prebendaries, six minor canons, ten lay-clerks, and eight choristers, besides several other members.

The length of the cathedral from east to  
west

west is 545 feet, including the chapel, which is 54 feet. The choir is 136 feet long. From the iron door to the porch at the west end is 351 feet; the transepts 186; the part below them 87 feet; and the choir 40. The tower is 138 feet high, its width 50 feet by 48, and it is about 25 feet and an half above the roof.

The building is of Gothic architecture, and truly sublime in its appearance. It is generally allowed to be nearly equal to that of the abbey church at St. Alban's. In two recesses, as you approach the choir, are the statues of James and Charles, the First. They are both of copper, but were horridly defaced during the civil wars which took place in the reign of the latter.

In the pannels under the organ are some memorials relative to Henry the Eighth's foundation, dated 1540;—the arms of the first dean, William Kingmill;—the garter and mitre of the bishops of Winchester;—with the letter S, and another initial letter, the greatest part of which is obliterated.



Under a plain monument, without any inscription, lies William Rufus; the manner of whose death is too well known to need repeating here. During the civil wars in the reign of Charles the First, the rebels paid this son of the Conqueror a visit, and as a proof of their dislike to monarchy, stripped his remains of a robe of gold cloth, a ring set with rubies, and a few other matters that were interred with him.

This cathedral, I believe, has to boast the remains of as many kings as any other in England; for we find that the chief part, both of the Saxon and the Norman line, rest under its roof. Bishop Fox spared no pains to collect the bones of these kings, and of every other person of distinction, and carefully deposited them in six gilded coffins, or chests, superbly carved, which he caused to be placed on a wall on the south side of the choir. These chests bore the date of 1525.

Statues of solid silver formerly stood in niches, where now stand mouldering urns.  
They

They were the gift of bishop Harris, who likewise presented the church with the marble pavement that leads to the high altar. The stained glass is also his gift ; with two pinnacles, and some other ornamental architecture with which he fronted the outside boundary of the choir, in the midst of which stands his own statue episcopally habited.

Cromwell's army, ever intent on plunder, and ever ready to testify their hatred to the church, entered this cathedral on the 16th of December 1642, and committed the most horrid outrages. Among other acts of wanton sacrilege, they destroyed the beautiful carved work in the choir, broke the organ to pieces, seized on all the valuables, overturned the communion table, and burnt the rails that encompassed it. Nor did their rapacious hands stop here ; but getting at the chests of bones which bishop Fox had collected, they threw them against the windows of stained glass, jocularly observing as they did it, that it was the resurrection of the dry bones. And to these ravages was  
Waller



Waller a witness, without endeavouring to put a stop to them. They likewise defaced many beautiful pieces of antiquity, and taking away the crosses, popish books, and pictures, made a sham procession with them; after which they committed them to the flames.

The west window, with a few others, fortunately escaped their depredations; as likewise did the magnificent tomb of William of Wykeham, which was happily prevented from sharing the same fate by the resolution and perseverance of one Cuff, an officer in Waller's army, who had formerly been a student of the college.

Over the communion-table is a picture painted by Mr. West. The gentlemen who fixed it up, finding it larger than the place appropriated for it, cut off two of the principal figures in the fore ground, which has considerably defaced the piece. The subject of it is the raising of Lazarus;—a most charming picture;—the colouring not inferior to Titian's;—the drawings wonderfully

fully correct ;—the hand of death seems indeed to have laid fast hold on Lazarus ; while the spirit and animation of the other figures add double force to the part with which they are contrasted.

In the chapel of the Virgin Mary, stands the monument of the earl of Portland, who was lord high treasurer in the reign of Charles the First. His effigy is at full length, raised on three pillars, and accoutred in copper armour.

There is another chapel on the south, called Silkested. It is doubtful whether this person is the founder of the chapel ; but certain it is that he altered some parts of it, from an inscription of T S near the library window.

At the east end of the south wall are deposited the remains of bishop Fox. His monument is a capital specimen of Gothic architecture.—There is no inscription on it.—A skeleton is the only emblem affixed to the tomb.

Here



Here also rests cardinal Beaufort, who was a liberal benefactor to the cathedral. The emblematical figure reclining on his tomb, is arrayed in a cardinal's habit. The mutilated effigy attending, is supposed to be St. Swithin; it was partly of brass; but, as in many other instances, so little respect did Cromwell's soldiers pay either to saint or apostle, that you barely trace any remains of what appears to have been once a beautiful figure.

The following curious inscription is on a monument the south side of the choir. The person who promises so acceptable a reward to every good catholic praying for his soul, was prior of the convent. It runs thus—

*Hic jacit GULIELMUS DE BASING, quondam prior istius ecclesiæ, cujus animæ propitiatur Deus; et qui pro anima ejus oraverit, tres annos et quinquaginta dies indulgentia precipit.*

#### In English thus ;

Here lies William of Basing, formerly prior of this church, to whose soul may God be propitious; and he who shall pray for him, shall obtain an indulgence of three years and fifty days.

Many

Many other curious tombs and monuments are to be seen in this cathedral, but the foregoing will serve as a sufficient specimen.

On the south side of the cathedral stands Winchester college, founded by William of Wykeham, who was liberal in his benefactions to it, as well as to New College, Oxford. The foundation was laid by him on the 26th day of March 1387. It originally consisted of a warden and seventy scholars, ten priests, three chaplains, three clerks, and sixteen choristers, with one school-master, and an usher.

In this college is an emblematical painting, representing a trusty servant. The device consists of the figure of an ass, with human hands, and stag's feet;—a padlock fastened to his snout;—a shield hanging on his arm, with a sword by his side; and he bears in his left hand implements of industry. This emblematical figure is intended to denote patience, swiftness, courage, secrecy, and labour; the needful cha-



raacteristics of a good servant. Taken altogether, it is at best but a whimsical jumble of the artist.

A room, west of the cloisters, in the college, contains the rules and orders of every class belonging to it. They are inscribed on the walls.

In the high street of Winchester is the market cross, forty three feet in height. Some will have it that this edifice was erected at a very early period, in commemoration of the introduction of christianity: while others suppose it to have been founded so late as the reign of Henry the Sixth. At all events it remains a perfect mark of the superstition of the times.

It is a most elegant pile of Gothic building. In one of the niches stands the figure of St. John in the act of preaching; but so wretchedly has it been bedaubed by the painter, that the chief beauties of the sculpture is hidden. The wise men of Winchester, some years back, had determined

ned to pull this noble structure down ; and had not some spirited gentlemen of the county strongly opposed the design, it would have undergone a Cromwellian operation. It thus escaped their unhallowed hands ;—but so terribly disfigured is it by their beautifying, (as they term it) that, except the general appearance of the architecture, little else is to be seen worth notice, all the inscriptions being obliterated.

• The hospital and church of Saint Cross, are well worthy the traveller's notice. They are in the Saxon stile, and were built during the reign of king Stephen. By the institution of the founder, every traveller who knocks at the door of this hospital in his way, may claim a manchet of white bread and a cup of beer ; a good quantity of which is daily set apart to be given away.

Time hurrying us, and a gloomy evening impelling us to hasten our journey, we took our leave of Winchester without making any further observations. A violent storm of rain, thunder and lightning, however,



overtaking us, soon after we had left the city, and obliging us to seek for shelter, we once more returned to it; and having again perambulated the town, we left it the next morning without regret. For a place of such consequence, we were not a little surprised at its mean appearance; the streets are narrow and inconvenient, and the houses in general low and inelegant. The water of Alresford passes through the heart of the city, and joins its stream to Itching river.

Though there is neither much trade, nor any manufactory worthy of notice carried on at Winchester, the pleasantness of its situation, from the extensive plains and downs by which it is surrounded, makes its environs the residence of many persons of fortune and respectability.

Scarcely any thing new is seen till you reach Hursley, a beautiful little village, five miles beyond Winchester. On the right hand of it stands the seat of Sir William Heathcote, surrounded by the most luxuriant verdure that Hampshire can boast. The  
venerable

venerable oak and stately pine, vying with each other in grandeur, entirely overshadow the village.—This range of woods takes a long sweep from Romsey towards Botley.

About a mile beyond Hursley we entered Southampton Common, and for the first time had a view of the sea. Unfortunately for us, the weather was hazy, and we had but an indifferent prospect either of that, or of the surrounding country.

On the most elevated part of the farther side of the common, is the summer house of Mr. Fleming ;—an elegant little building, commanding an extensive view of the adjacent hills, and likewise of the Isle of Wight, which from this desirable spot, in a clear day, has every beauty that a pleasing combination of wood and water can give it. Several gentlemen's seats skirt the road side, so that it appears one continued scene of lively vegetation.

## SECTION



## SECTION II.

**W**E had now reached Hampton, or, as it is at present called, Southampton, which lies twelve miles from Winchester, and about twenty-six from Portsmouth; its situation being high, and the sea coming up to the quay, renders it a delightful summer residence.

We can trace back the origin of this town to the year 47, when it was invaded by the Romans; who were frequently defeated and driven back by the Britons resident in and about the southernmost coast of England. This people, however, afterwards established a colony here, or rather at the old town, which stood more to the eastward, to which they gave the name of Clausentum.

In the year 512, Cerdic, king of the West Saxons, made a successful attempt upon Hantun, as it was then called. Here he defeated the British king Aurelius Ambrosius, who having gained a very considerable

derable victory over Hengist, was so elated by his success, that laying aside the prudence for which he had hitherto been famed, he suffered himself to be out-generaled and vanquished by Cerdic. The famous king Arthur was likewise slain by this Saxon about twenty years after.

It was here that Canute the Great reproved his courtiers for their flattery, when they assured him that even the waves of the sea would obey him.

About the year 1020, this town was entirely demolished by the Danes; who, wherever they came, distinguished themselves by their rapacious and barbarous deeds. The most unheard-of cruelties were usually committed by them whenever they happened to be victorious.

While the victorious Edward the Third was in France, asserting his right to the throne of that kingdom, the son of the king of Sicily was dispatched, on their part, to make depredations on the coast  
of



of England. This commission proved fatal to Southampton ; for the French landing there, reduced it to ashes. They were however soon after repulsed by the English, who, collecting together an army from the troops in the Western parts, marched against the invaders, and having entirely defeated them, obliged them to reembark with the loss of their commander.

Here it was that king Henry the Fifth embarked when he set out upon his expedition against that kingdom. Previous to his sailing, the French having remitted a large sum of money to Cambridge, Scroop, and Gray, the favourites of the king, they entered into a conspiracy against him ; but their treacherous designs were happily put a stop to by the earl of March. That nobleman, who had been inadvertently drawn into the plot, foreseeing the fatal consequences it must be productive of to his royal master, to whom he was bound not only by the ties of allegiance, but of gratitude, divulged the secret, and thereby frustrated their plans. The earl of Cambridge  
and

and Sir Thomas Gray were beheaded ; while lord Scroop, rendered doubly blameable by his ingratitude, the king having conferred upon him great honours, and reposed in his bosom his choicest secrets, was hanged, drawn, and quartered.

The merchants of the port of Southampton were, during some centuries, the greatest importers of wine in the kingdom, excepting those of London. The privileges relative to this article of commerce, granted them in their charter by king Henry the Second, and afterwards confirmed and renewed by king John, were so extensive and considerable, that the merchants of Bristol, and those of the other ports on the west and south coasts of England, were obliged to land their wines here, and after having paid the duties, then to re-ship, and carry them to their own ports.

The disposal of a part of these privileges, some years ago, to the city of Bristol, has fixed an indelible stigma on the corporation. Nor are the corporation of the present day

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undeserving of censure, for suffering the river near the quay to remain in its present state. The mud is so deep, at and near the landing place, that at low water a boat can neither take you off, nor bring you ashore ; to the very great inconvenience in particular of the passengers going to or coming from, the Isle of Wight. It is no uncommon thing to see a great number of passengers in the Cowes packet, which had happened to lose the tide, wait some hours on board for the return of it ; many of whom when it has rained, from the smallness of the cabin and the consequent want of shelter, have been thoroughly wet. And even the steps leading to the landing place are in a wretched condition. The small quay is, if possible, many degrees worse than the other ; so that a boat, even at high water, is there disagreeably circumstanced.

Southampton was once walled round ; and many parts of the walls are still standing. They are composed of very large stones, full of small white shells, and have many lunettes and towers. In some places it is surrounded

surrounded with a double ditch. There were formerly four gates to it ; but only three of them are now standing. The first is at the entrance of the town, and is generally termed Bar Gate ; the second was called the East Gate, but of this not a vestige now remains ; the third is South Gate, which is made a place of confinement for debtors ; and the fourth is Water Gate, at the bottom of which is the contemptible little quay before spoken of.

Oliver Cromwell's ruffians were likewise busied here upon some excellent carved work and stained glass, belonging to Bugle Hall in this town, which was destroyed by these lawless depredators.

Harry the Eighth also laid his sacred hands on the manufactory of allum foil carried on here, in which the merchants had property to the amount of near ten thousand pounds ; but in order to counterbalance his depredations by some favor, as his usual custom was, he permitted them for a certain time to land goods free of duty. He



failed not, however, to feize on the valuable trade for tin, that was also carried on here.

Charles the First confirmed the charter that had been granted by Henry the Second, and instituted a corporation ; which consists of a mayor, a recorder, a sheriff, and two bailiffs : all those who have served any of the foregoing offices, constitute the common council ; and they who have passed the chair, are aldermen. An unlimited number of burgeses may likewise be elected at the will of the mayor and council.

The salubrious air of Southampton is a sufficient inducement for the great resort of valetudinarians, and others, there is to it. Nor are the general accommodations less respectable than the town is inviting. Several country seats round it render the walks at once agreeable and pleasant. But after having trod every rural walk and pleasant path that Southampton has to boast, Netley Abbey, of which two views are annexed, will be found to enjoy the preeminence.

Having







—Having passed Itching ferry in our way to the abbey, we cross the grounds of N. Dance, Esq. R. A. at Woolson, whose feat commands at every curve, a fresh view of the beauties of Hampton river; an extensive thicket catches the roving eye. On the foot road to the abbey, the distance is likewise pleasantly diversified.

In a small dell, by the side of a wood, stands this antique building;—and near it is the fort, which fronts the river.—A pleasure known only to the contemplative mind, imperceptibly steals into the breast, on taking a view of so romantic and retired a place as Netley Abbey. To a heart not insensible to the calm enjoyments of such a retreat, the awfulness of the venerable pile, down whose side the lurking ivy sportively plays, together with the grandeur of the architecture, afford a satisfaction, that the most pleasurable scenes of the gay circle cannot excite.—A thousand agreeable ideas rush into the mind, and we are lost in wonder and contemplation. By such a scene as this, the youthful imagination is expanded,



ed, and the genius directed to some useful pursuit.—It sometimes leads to the study of history ;—sometimes its softness and harmony aid the powers of music ;—and it needs not be added, that it furnishes the artist with a delightful subject for his pencil.

Time has just brought this venerable pile as a piece of ruins, to its highest perfection. A small but pleasing group of trees encircle it ;—while a bed of overgrown nettles, rising stately at every avenue, form an agreeable relief to its mouldering sides.

It is the property of Mr. Dance ; and much to that gentleman's credit, he endeavours to preserve this piece of antiquity from demolition. A married servant of his resides about a quarter of a mile from the spot, where refreshments may be procured. Frequent aquatic excursions are made from Hampton to drink tea in the abbey, and every accommodation for that purpose is furnished by the civil and industrious pair who are appointed to take care of it.

Various

Various are the opinions relative to the founder of this abbey ; some attributing it to Peter de Rupibus ; others to Henry III. But it is generally believed that Henry built it. Certain it is that about the year 1239, he instituted near this spot a convent of monks, of the Cistercian order, which he removed from the vicinity of Beaulieu. Other endowments were bestowed upon it by John de Warennæ, earl of Surry, in the year 1242. At the dissolution, it had an abbot and twelve monks, whose revenues were valued at 100l. 12s. 8d. a year.

Such a place as this, that has been devoted to the purposes of superstition, seldom fails to give birth to superstitious stories. Among those told us, we shall insert the two following ; and as they are somewhat singular, and may furnish a subject of laughter to the incredulous, hope we shall stand excused for the insertion.

Sir Bartlet Lucy, who was then the possessor of the abbey, sold it to a taylor of Southampton ; who bought it with a view  
of



of making a profit of the materials. The taylor, or, as his descendants, who are at this time resident in that place, say, his wife, was informed in a dream, several nights successively, that the moment he attempted to dislodge a single stone, the whole fabric would fall upon him. And so, as the account goes, it really happened. For disdainning to profit by any advice that came in so questionable a shape, he began to pull it down; when, marvellous to relate, no sooner had he begun his unhallowed delapidations, than the large window and part of the ceiling fell on his head and fractured his scull. We are further informed, that before he made his exit, he acknowledged to those around him that he had been warned by several apparitions, of the fatal consequences that would attend the sacrilegious deed; and fell a sacrifice to his incredulity.

Nor is a circumstance of a more recent date, which the person who shows the abbey relates, less believed in the neighbourhood. A labouring man had for several nights dreamt that a chest of money lay  
buried

buried in the ruins. And fixing upon a spot near the entrance, began there to dig; from whence, agreeable to the tenor of his dream, he dug a chest of ancient coins, of a considerable value. The master of the man hearing of the affair, insisted upon their being delivered up to him; and the unfortunate dreamer, in order to avoid a lawsuit with which he was threatened, found himself obliged to refund the prognosticated boon. The keeper still shows you a heap of stones, which are said to have inclosed the chest; and an old man, upwards of eighty years of age, corroborated the truth of the story, by vouching to us, that he had himself seen the chest, and that the metal contained in it was really gold.

The entrance of the abbey, or what is termed the fountain court, is a square, encircled with lofty walls. The kitchen is supposed to have led to some subterraneous passage.—On the right hand, at the further corner, is the grand hall leading to the chapel, whose venerable sides still boast a flight of steps which range round part of the



building. The area at the bottom of the chapel is in a very rugged state, it being overgrown with nettles, which cover the fallen fragments of the roof, and not only incommode the passenger, but are far from being pleasing to the eye.

The grandeur and elegance of the internal appearance of the abbey, is superior to any of the outside views. The chapel, built in the shape of a cross, with several recesses communicating with the abbey,—and continued groups of lofty trees,—delightfully harmonize and variegate the inside. Grand and striking as the appearance of these ancient ruins are, they have undoubtedly received additional beauties from the elegant pen of Mr. Keate. Every part of it is so truly, justly, and picturesquely portrayed by him, that his Netley Abbey even vies with the original. How finely is the present delapidated state of it described by him in the following stanzas :

I hail







I hail at last these shades, this well-known wood,  
 That skirts with verdant slope the barren strand,  
 Where Netley's ruins, bordering on the flood,  
 Forlorn in melancholy greatness stand.

How chang'd alas! from that rever'd abode  
 Grac'd by proud majesty in ancient days,  
 When monks recluse these sacred pavements trod,  
 And taught th' unletter'd world its Maker's praise.

Now sunk, deserted, and with weeds o'ergrown,  
 Yon prostrate walls their harder fate bewail;  
 Low on the ground their topmost spires are thrown,  
 Once friendly marks to guide the wand'ring fail.

The ivy now, with rude luxuriance bends  
 Its 'tangled foliage through the cloister'd space,  
 O'er the green window's mould'ring height ascends,  
 And fondly clasps it with a last embrace.

Yon parted roof that nods aloft in air,  
 The threat'ning battlement, the rifted tow'r,  
 The choir's loose fragments scatter'd round, declare,  
 Insulting TIME, the triumphs of thy pow'r!

On the banks of the river stand the ruins  
 of a castle that served as a front to the ab-  
 bey. It commands a very extensive part of  
 the river; but nothing now remains, except  
 the walls, to remind us of the strength it  
 once possessed.



The ride to this sweet spot is nearly ten miles, through a lovely scene of wood and water. By the foot way it is three miles and an half from Southampton, across the river Itching, where a ferry-boat constantly plies. The walk to it is beautiful; nor is your return from it less so. The town of Hampton, and its spire, has a pleasing effect;—the New Forest is in the distance; but the view, in general, is too straggling and extensive; the objects are not sufficiently combined for a picture, though pleasing to the eye.

Our next excursion was to the priory of St. Denis, formerly the residence of a brotherhood of black canons. It is situated on the flowery banks of the river Itching, about three miles from its entrance, and exhibits a pile of antique ruins that are hastening to decay. Scarcely any part of the chapel is standing; and if the remains of the house are not shortly secured from the depredations of its inhabitants, and from the incessant ravages of a great number of hogs, both that and the chapel will soon share the fate of many an ancient fabric, and leave no trace of its existence.

We

We have scarcely any authentic intelligence from which to ascertain the founder of this priory. The lease of the venerable pile is granted to the present possessor by general Stibbert, to whom we recommend the preservation of its relics from entire obliteration, that it may still remain as an historical record of ancient times, and contribute to the pleasure of every curious traveller who visits Southampton.

It stands near four miles from that town, and was viewed by us on one of those clear evenings, when the declining sun just catching on the highest summit of the building, gave an agreeable relief to the fore ground, which, of course, lay in the shadow ; while his dazzling rays overtopped the neighbouring river, and added every lustre to the opposite woody craggs, overhanging the sandy shore, that the most picturesque eye could wish or desire.

In the road to this small but pleasant spot, is the seat of general Stibbert. It is an elegant building, and commands very extensive



tenfive views of the opposite shore ;—the New Forest ;—Southampton River ;—Calshot Castle ;—and the Isle of Wight. Several boxes belonging to other gentlemen skirt the road, but none of them so pleasant as this plain and neat spot.

The seat of Mr. Sloane lies about two miles beyond general Stibbert's, in the middle of a little valley, that also commands the navigation of the river Itching. From this road you may proceed the carriage way to Netley Abbey, and to governor Hornby's house.

On our left hand at the top of the hill, near the three mile stone, on the road to London, is the summer house of Mr. Fleming, the member for Southampton.—We noticed this spot on passing Southampton Common ; but the fullen clouds lowering upon us at that time, we could only make transient remarks on it ;—but now viewed with a more composed eye, a charming scene displays itself ;—a luxuriant hanging wood, forming the park, exhibits every  
feature

feature of variegation that such a scene can possibly produce; over which a gentle descent terminates into a soft surface of a summer sea;—while many a proud vessel, impatient for the wafting gale, displays the liveliest reflections of the shivering sail in the transparent ocean.

Far beyond these luxurious scenes, a kinder shore blends softly in, and presents its spreading oaks, joined with the prouder forest plants.

We scarcely ever remember to have seen so well chosen a spot, from the choice of any gentleman, as this of Mr. Fleming's summer house. We sometimes observe that persons of fortune, in chusing a spot for erecting a seat, fix on some obscure place, where toilsome labour endeavours, but in vain, to rival the vivid blooms that fair impatient Nature rears. A recluse seat appears *sans* beauty, that the rising hill demands; and at best never displays more than grovelling husbandry.—How superior such commanding prospects as that under consideration! and how mean  
and



and contemptible, when compared with it, are the nicely trimmed yews that adorn the feat of the citizen!

The summer rides about Southampton are such as few places can boast.—An inconvenience attends the tide's retiring so far, as you ride along the river's side; nevertheless the soft breezes that fan you while you traverse its shore, in some measure compensate for this.

Southampton having been fixed on as the centre of our tour, our excursions from it will be inserted as they take place, and the town and its environs described occasionally, so as to give a variety to our descriptions.

As one part of our plan was to visit parts of the New Forest, we began our route from Southampton to Lymington, the nearest boundary of it towards the Isle of Wight. The first village we passed after leaving the town was Millbrook, which lies within about two miles from it;—a pleasant  
little

little spot, but we found nothing in it to engage the attention. From thence we crossed Redbridge, and through Totten, reached the forest

Its entrance is not so striking here, as it is in many other parts.—When you gain the first summit, a woody promontory skirts the road on the right ;—on the left, for three miles, a more open space attracts the eye, terminated—as most of the distances in this part are—by a group of venerable oaks or lofty elms.

In the midst of a plantation of oaks, resides one of the keepers of the forest. His lodge, which is generally called by the country people Ironhill, stands about a mile from the road, in one of those grand recesses where Nature strews her favours with unbounded liberality.

When we view a pleasing scene, that, in such a country as Hampshire, where every view is a picture, must frequently burst upon the sight, we at once feel its full force ;

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but



but to what a pitch is the imagination carried, when we behold Nature flyly sporting in some retired corner, where, as if fearful of being seen, she rears a ponderous grove to overhang some murmuring rivulet, to whose chrystal stream (sweet sacred haunt!) the timorous fawns or sturdy heifers retire to shun the scorching rays of Phœbus. While some stand chest high in the rapid current to avoid their annoying enemy the fly, others recline on the mossy bank, and catch the passing breeze. But if perchance the ruder breath of Zephyr rustles through the leaves on the surrounding boughs, away fly the fearful fawns, and, bounding over the flowery lawn, seek a seurer retreat.

From this romantic scene we turned our horses to the left, and struck into the road to Lindhurst, through a continued shade of overhanging wood. The evening being clear, we were tempted to turn out of the way to know from what cause a strange noise, which seemed to issue from the brow of an adjacent hill, originated. Upon reaching

ing the spot, we found it to be one of the foresters broufing the deer; and we were not a little pleased at seeing some hundreds of these wild inhabitants of the forest bounding towards him, whenever they heard his well-known voice, and following him to the freshest pasture, or to share in the fodder which he cut from the tender branches of the trees. Should any of the herd have strayed, he calls the wanderer back in a note not unlike the war-hoop of the Indian tribes.

The farmers who live in the vicinity of this part of the forest, are often subject to the depredations of these animals. No sooner do they scent the full-eared corn, than they make their way, if possible, to it;—no fence proves a sufficient restraint;—the nightly watch is placed in vain;—and scarce a stalk escapes their ravages.

The soil in this quarter consists of a cold watery clay, which so imbibes the moisture, that the crops of corn, and even of hay, except in dry summers, but poorly repay the



farmer's toil. The oak alone is its boast ;  
which proudly spreads its nervous branches,  
and grows for the defence of Britain.

Lindhurst, which is ten miles from Southampton, is situated in the heart of the forest. It is a pleasant agreeable village, and stands on the declivity of a hill. It once could boast of having a monarch for an inhabitant ; at present the house which was the royal residence, is that of the duke of Gloucester, who is lord chief warden, and ranger of the forest. It is a plain old fashioned brick mansion, with little or no ground adjoining to it. The greatest convenience attending it is the stables, which are roomy and commodious. They stand opposite to the house, which is without any court before it, or lodge, consequently exposed to the dust of the road ; and has rather the appearance of being the residence of a gentleman farmer, than the summer retreat of one of the princes of the blood.

But if its conveniences are few, its advantages of another nature are great.—  
Standing

Standing on an eminence, it commands a complete prospect of Southampton River, and of the sea.—The view extends likewise into the county of Suffex.—Stony Cross on the left, and, over the forest, to the woody screens of sir William Heathcote, with the soft distances of the remotest parts of Hampshire.

In the village of Lindhurst constant preparations are made for the accommodation of gentlemen who come to hunt in the forest. Nor can any place be better suited to the sport, there being but few farms, to what there are in the counties of Hertford, Bedford, and some others. Neither do the sportsmen run such risque of their necks as in most other hunting counties, as there are not many fences or ditches to obstruct their course, and consequently few dangerous leaps to be taken.

We read in the annals of England, that the tract of country now denominated the New Forest, and which is at least fifty miles in circumference, originally abounded with  
towns



towns and villages, in which were no less than thirty-six parish churches. But it was laid waste, and the inhabitants driven from their houses and estates by William the First, in order to gratify his *penchant* for the pleasures of the chase. The distress which this Norman conquerer thereby wantonly brought upon his new subjects, seems however to have been in some degree retaliated on his own family; for two of his sons, and a grandson, lost their lives on the very spot. His son Richard was killed by a pestilential blast;—William Rufus, as is well known, was slain by an arrow shot by Sir Walter Tyrrel at a stag;—and Henry, his grandson, while pursuing his game, was caught by the hair of his head, which had entangled in the bough of a tree, and there suspended till he died.

From Lindhurst we kept the left hand road to Lymington; and passed Fox Leaze, the seat of Lady Jennings Clerke. We were not fortunate enough to be able to procure a sight of the inside of this villa, her ladyship being there, and having company.—  
The

The external appearance of it is neat, and the ground that furrounds it pleasant, though not superb.

Burleigh Lodge, and Cuffnells, the seat of George Rose, Esq. are near Lindhurst; besides which there are many other agreeable spots; some the summer residences, others the hunting boxes, of the proprietors.

The road still continued its course through a woody range that formed noble groups, while a gradual light, darting through the thinner branches in the distance, caught some open space, where lightly touching the neighbouring cot, whose thatch, with mossy weeds overgrown, softly blended with the huge oak boughs that overshadowed the roof, formed a pleasing effect;—at the same time the mouldering spire of Brokenhurst, clinging to the elm and yew, just shows its shaded pile. The fore ground thus laid in shadow, with a small piece of water rushing at its foot, with a single light upon the distant cottage, and grazing herd, almost formed a picture of itself; but when the  
 fly



fly spire, darting from the first distance, appeared shaded by a flying cloud, it was a perfect composition for a rural picture.—The last distance was fraught with one of those purple glows that the setting sun so freely displays on a clear evening, when, exhaling the vapour of the moistened earth, it so charmingly blends each distant hill and copse with its ærial perspective.

On the right is the mansion of Edward Morant, Esq. situated on the very summit of one of the pleafantest hills in the forest. Two avenues lead to it from Brokenhurst. The park is plainly laid out;—the house equal to any modern one for convenience:—the entrance is grand,—and the rooms are spacious and lofty.—The possessor, when he began to build, seems to have had a desire to render it useful as well as elegant.—The offices lie behind the house, as do the gardens. We much regretted the want of a piece of water before this mansion, as such an addition would render it a compleat and desirable residence; but this deficiency is in some measure supplied by a small stream which







which crosses the bottom of the park, and though not seen from the house, has a desirable effect.

Brokenhurst is one of those remote spots where real pleasure may be enjoyed.—It is an agreeable distance from Lymington, and a morning's ride from Southampton, across a sloping woody country. Several very respectable persons reside in this place and the adjacent parts, and a sociability seems to reign among them, free from that scandal and bickering which too frequently disturb the tranquillity of many villages.

Rising another elevation of the forest, we got a clear and distinct view of the Isle of Wight.—On our right-hand continued the same range of woods we had passed as we came from Lindhurst; on the other side a wide desert heath encountered our sight.—We passed on through another small village, and then entered a grand burst of landscape;—a rugged rock formed the right side screen;—the towering boughs that hung on the opposite side of the road drooped

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H

their



their branches almost on the withered fern which courted the gravelly bank;—from this, a gentle declivity of trees fell to the water's edge, that winding round two woody promontories break the stiff appearance of the opposite shore, and terminate at the bridge.—At this distance the formality of the buildings on the quays had not sufficient strength to lessen the picturesque appearance.—Another piece of water, taking a gentle sweep round the baths of Lymington, discharges itself into the sea.—The Isle of Wight terminates the view;—though its chalky cliffs have not sufficient power to please, they may attract the eye.

Lymington, though a small, is a very convenient seaport; its distance from Southampton is eighteen miles, through the pleasantest part of the New Forest. Part of the town stands on an eminence, and leads to the quays, which are spacious and convenient. Ships of considerable burthen sail from this place; especially some that are employed in the coal trade. Opposite Lymington river are the well known rocks called

called the Needles, a description of which will be given when we speak of the Isle of Wight.

It is an ancient borough, governed by a mayor, aldermen, and burgessees, without any limited number. But it does not redound much to the credit of this ancient corporation, that when his majesty deigned to visit their town, during his late stay at Lindhurst, not even a cold collation was prepared for his reception, notwithstanding they had previous notice of the intended honour ; a *neglect*, to call it by no harsher name, that his majesty's condescension, affability, and goodness of heart, were far from deserving.

Were it not that our plan is rather to confine ourselves to a description of the picturesque views of nature and the effect they have on the imagination, than in making observations on men and manners, we could mention other anecdotes of a similar nature ; but, for the foregoing reason, shall content ourselves with selecting from them the following.—

H 2

When



When his majesty, on his late summer excursion, was at Southampton, having enquired of one of the body corporate of that town which way the wind was, and received for answer that it was *south west*; another of the robed brothers put in, with an insolent familiarity, not at all befitting the personage to whom it was addressed, " I believe it is not *saw-west*, your majesty, but *nor-ese*." The reader, who is acquainted with the dialect of the country, will best be able to discern from it the vulgarity of the speaker, and the indecency of the speech. We were pleased to observe that the countenance of the most gracious of sovereigns, exhibited greater expression of pity and contempt, than of displeasure.

We could not discover any thing of antiquity at or near Lymington, and met with but one circumstance worth relating. The trade for cattle between this place and the isles of Jersey and Alderney, is very considerable, and the manner of shipping and of landing them rather curious. Having fastened a rope round the horns of the beast,  
the

the failors hoist his head to the height of four or five feet from the ground, till only the hind hoofs touch the plank that extends from the shore to the ship. And in this manner is he dragged on board ; the failors all the while endeavouring to accelerate his motion by twisting his tail. In this attitude the embarking beast cuts a droll figure, and never fails to attract a great number of spectators.

The Portsmouth family take their second title from this place, the eldest son being viscount Lymington. The people of the town boast of the frequent visits they receive from this noble house, who are not only well known here, but as well respected.

As our route, on our return from the Isle of Wight, whither we are hastening, will lie through this place, in order to take the New Forest in another direction, should any thing occur worthy of observation, we shall then notice it.

## SECTION



## SECTION III.

ON leaving Lymington, we coasted the shore which we had seen the preceding evening; but had it not now in our power to attract from it those pleasurable moments we had then done. The morning was heavy, and the sky lowered during the greatest part of the day.

At the extremity of the road we turned up to the village of Boldre, which has to boast the residence of the Rev. Mr. Gilpin; the productions of whose elegant pen are well known. It is a small village, surrounded by firs and oaks, and has several gentlemen for its inhabitants.

From hence we passed on through another small village, to Beaulieu Heath, as it is termed by those who reside near it; but we found it to be another extremity of the forest. The seat of sir John D'Oyley stands at one corner of it, whose house and park, though boasting of nothing more than  
we

we generally meet with, help to relieve a barren turf-dug heath.

Turning down the right-hand road a little beyond D'Oyley house, it took us to the iron mills. These once profitable engines have shared the fate which generally attends any concern where there are a great number of proprietors. Disputes continually arising, the mills are said to have been reduced by them to their present desolate condition. Formerly the iron ore received from the Isle of Wight was sufficient to keep them constantly at work. After that they were supplied from Lancashire, on account of the superior quality. But the disagreements before mentioned having put an entire stop to them, they are now suffered to moulder into dust.

The salt works along this coast furnish no inconsiderable branch of traffic. At one place, in the neighbourhood of Lymington, five pans are continually working; and many more along the coast to Fawley.

From



From the mills, we once more gained the heath, and took the road to Beaulieu. But a very heavy storm, which had threatened us ever since we left Lymington, now commencing, we posted with all speed over the heath. We had not, however, proceeded far, before some peasants, who were gathering turf, called out to us to stop immediately; and upon coming up informed us, that if we had gone a few steps farther we should have plunged into a bog, to the great hazard of our own, and our horses' lives. We would, therefore, advise every traveller, when they pass over this heath, or any other where there may be a suspicion of meeting with bogs, or loose beds of clay, which are nearly as bad, that they would by no means endeavour to cross in any direction but by the high road, or at least where the track of wheels are to be traced.

We thanked the men for their kind attention; and the rain still continuing to pour down with unabated fury on our heads, we hastened towards Beaulieu; but St. Leonards, or, as some call it, Beaulieu Manor,

Manor, lying nearer, and some remains of antiquity being to be found there, we made for that place. We here met with a welcome retreat from the storm at a homely farm-house, and were entertained in a most friendly manner by the hospitable owner of it.

The principal remaining part of the abbey of St. Leonard, consists of two high walls that seem to have terminated the cloister. These now constitute the ends of a modern-built thatched barn. The other parts are nearly extinct, and are converted into a pig-stye. The ruins being so inconsiderable, and so defaced by the beams of wood, and thatched out-houses, resting upon them, scarce a vestige of its former beauty remains, to afford a single point of view in which a pleasing drawing could be made of it.

The wind having dispersed the heavy clouds, and cleared again the sky, and there being nothing more in this place worthy of observation, we took leave of

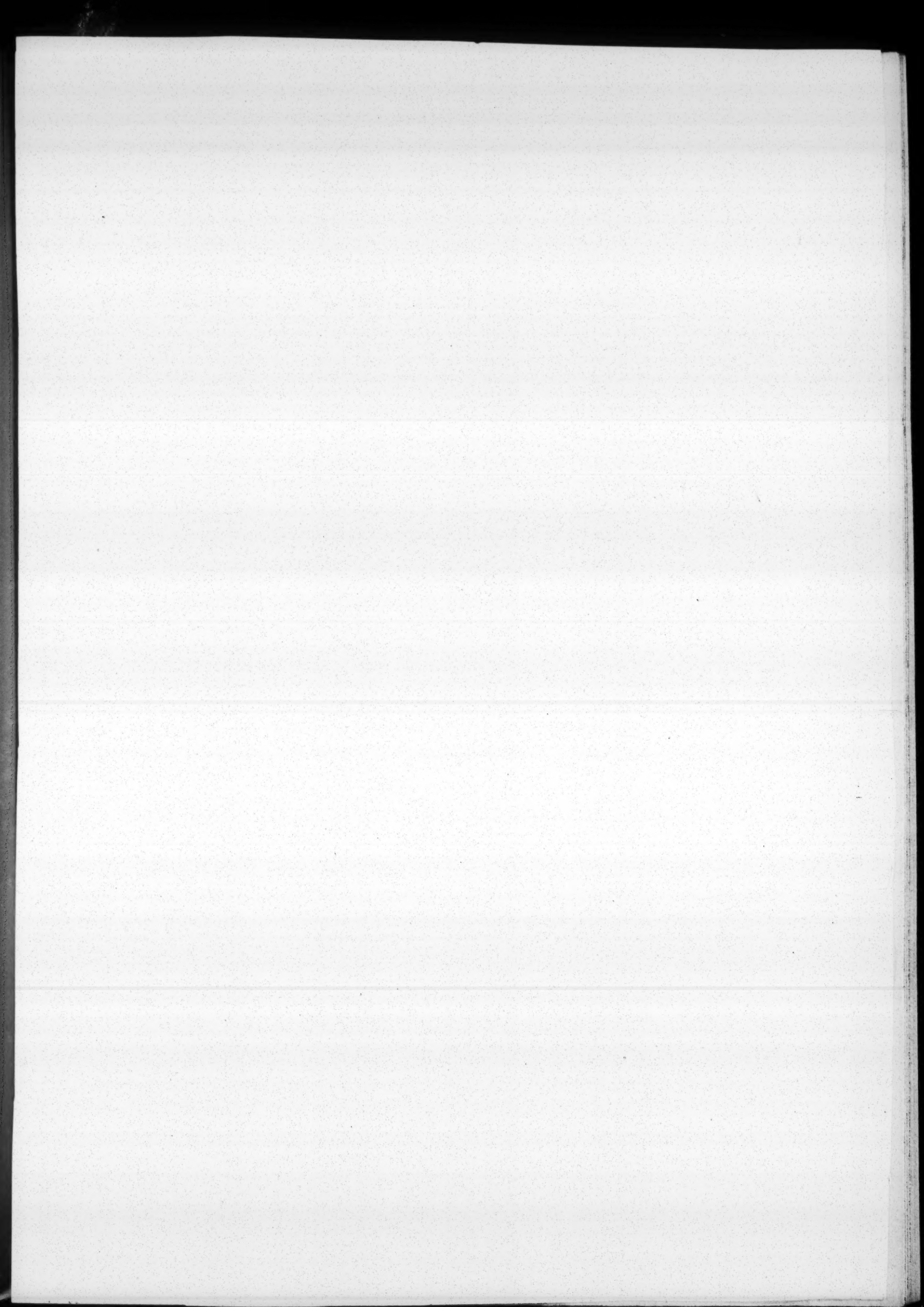


our kind host, and pursued our course to Beaulieu through the south-east part of the New Forest.

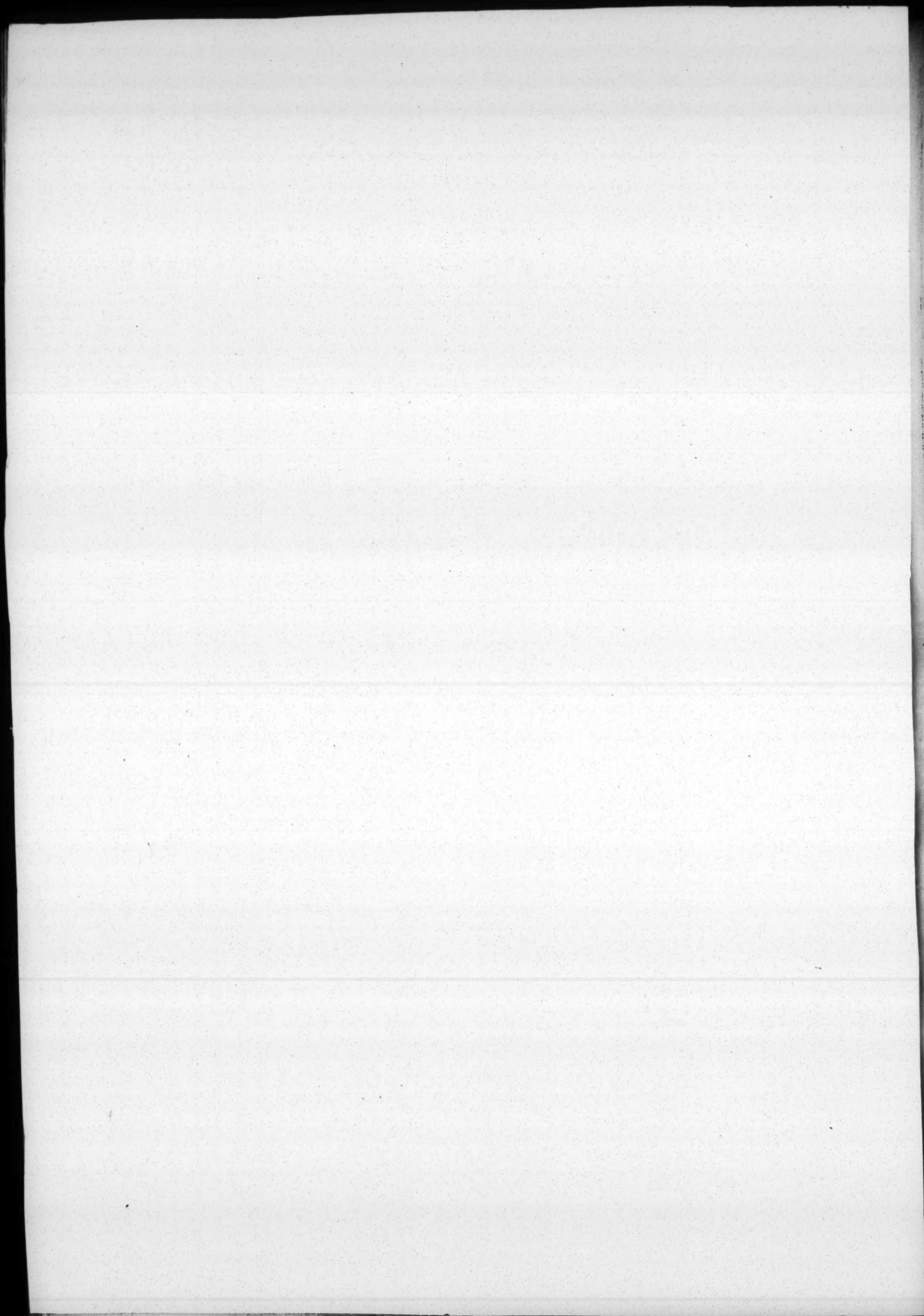
Here they have begun to divest the forest of a part of its grandeur, by cutting down a considerable quantity of its hardy veterans—the noble oaks; but so delightful are the avenues which here and there break an opening to the Isle of Wight, that every curve delights the traveller's eye. A woody side-screen still keeps to your right hand the whole of the way to Beaulieu, which is five miles from St. Leonard's.

There are several salt works near the mouth of Beaulieu river, which employ a great number of poor inhabitants. The village, or town, of Beaulieu is agreeably disposed in one street, and lies at the foot of several hills that gradually skirt the banks of the river, over which a continued verdure reigns; so that from Beaulieu mills it appears more like a garden than common woods.

Some













Some relicks of antiquity are still visible where the abbey once stood ; but they are so few, that it is impossible to combine the scattered remains into any point of sight that would form a picture, or give a likeness of the place. There is a wall in some degree of preservation, which seems to have surrounded the abbey, and which must, judging from the present appearance of it, have been more than a mile in circumference.

Part of the old chapel is applied to the purposes of a cork-warehouse. It is situated near the walls which encompass the joint seat of the duke of Montague and lord Beaulieu. This ancient house, which was erected about the reign of king John, appears to be still unshaken by the hand of Time ; nor has the daring ivy touched its stony sides. The building is very stiff, but pleasing to the view, without any further pretensions to external beauty than merely simplicity and neatness.

The inside of this seat is less curious than the outside. The whole flooring is of oak,



and quite perfect ; the staircase, wainscot, and beams, are of the same wood. The duke of Montague has not visited it these thirty years ; nor are we surprized at his absence, the house not having, at present, a single convenience for a family. It is surrounded by a ditch, and has four draw-bridges over it, that communicate with the park, which is a beautiful piece of ground, well watered and wooded. In the churchyard, anciently belonging to the monastery, there still appear the relics of a few Saxon characters, as inscriptions on the tombs ; but they are very much injured and defaced by time and the weather. The monastery itself, that is, the two small remaining walls, being at this time a nursery for bees, we were thereby prevented from making a minuter search into the state of it.

From Beaulieu you pass another turn of the river towards Fawley, which shines in every picturesque splendour : and this lasts till you arrive at the summit of the hill that enters again the New Forest. Here let me  
renew

renew the caution I before gave the unwary traveller, not to cross the heath without due attention. Before he takes the deceptive tracks of the horse's hoof, or even the muddy ruts of a cart, for his guide over the unfure fod, let him notice well the hand-post;—especially if the declining sun throws its lengthening shadows from the thorny bushes.

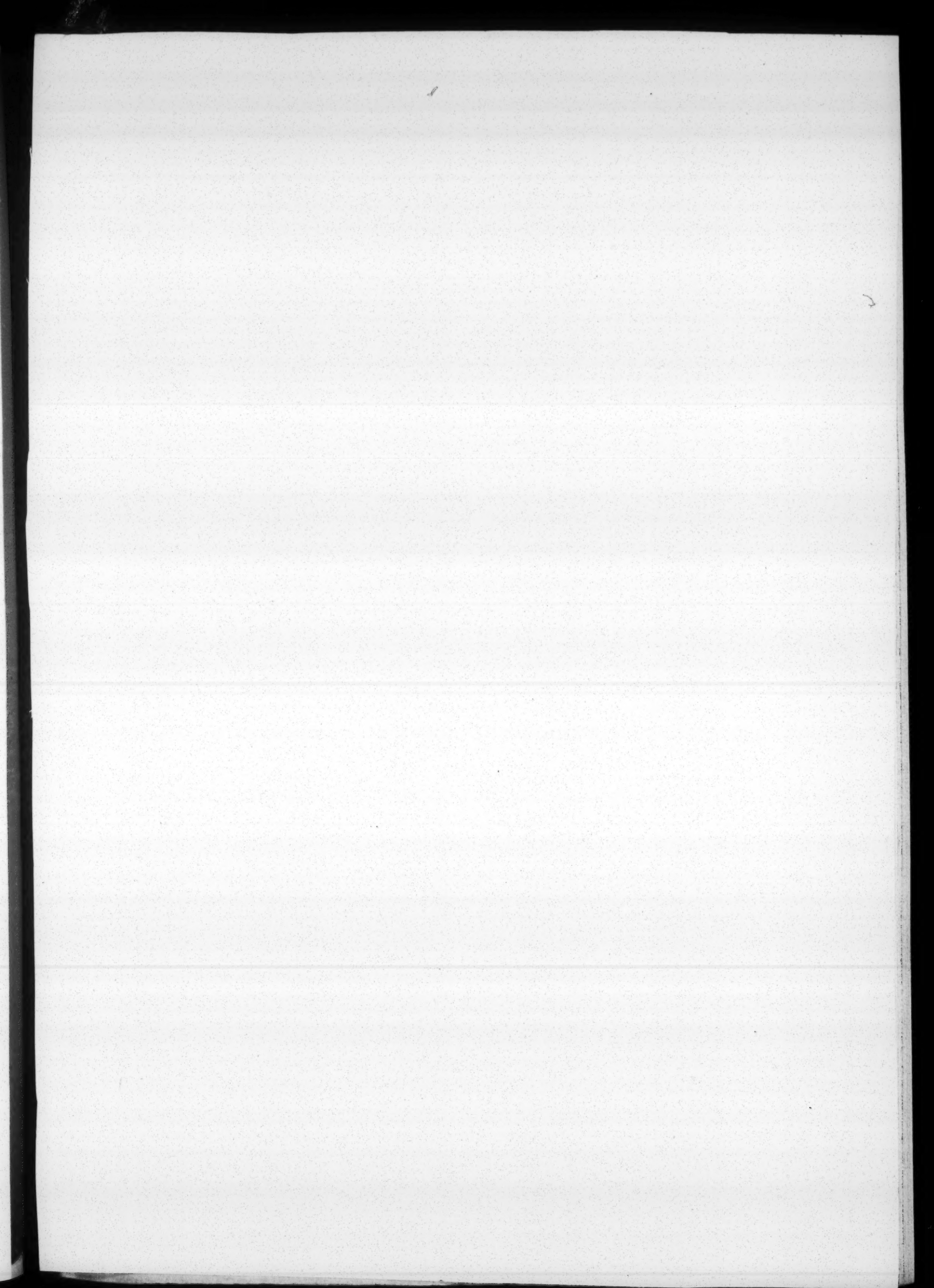
For nobleness, as a burst of landscape, the view from this hill is perhaps as pleasing as it is uncommon; and the only deficiency we could perceive, was the want of some bold promontory to the left, instead of a dreary heath. On the right-hand, the Isle of Wight, gently sloping from its wonted heights, just left space enough between it and the opposite shore of Stokes Bay to show the swelling fairs that sweep along the Spit. In front, at the distance of about a mile and a half across the heath, a plantation of oak gradually declines into the valley that opens to the sea, and coming within the general bounds of the horizon, softens the harsher appearance  
of



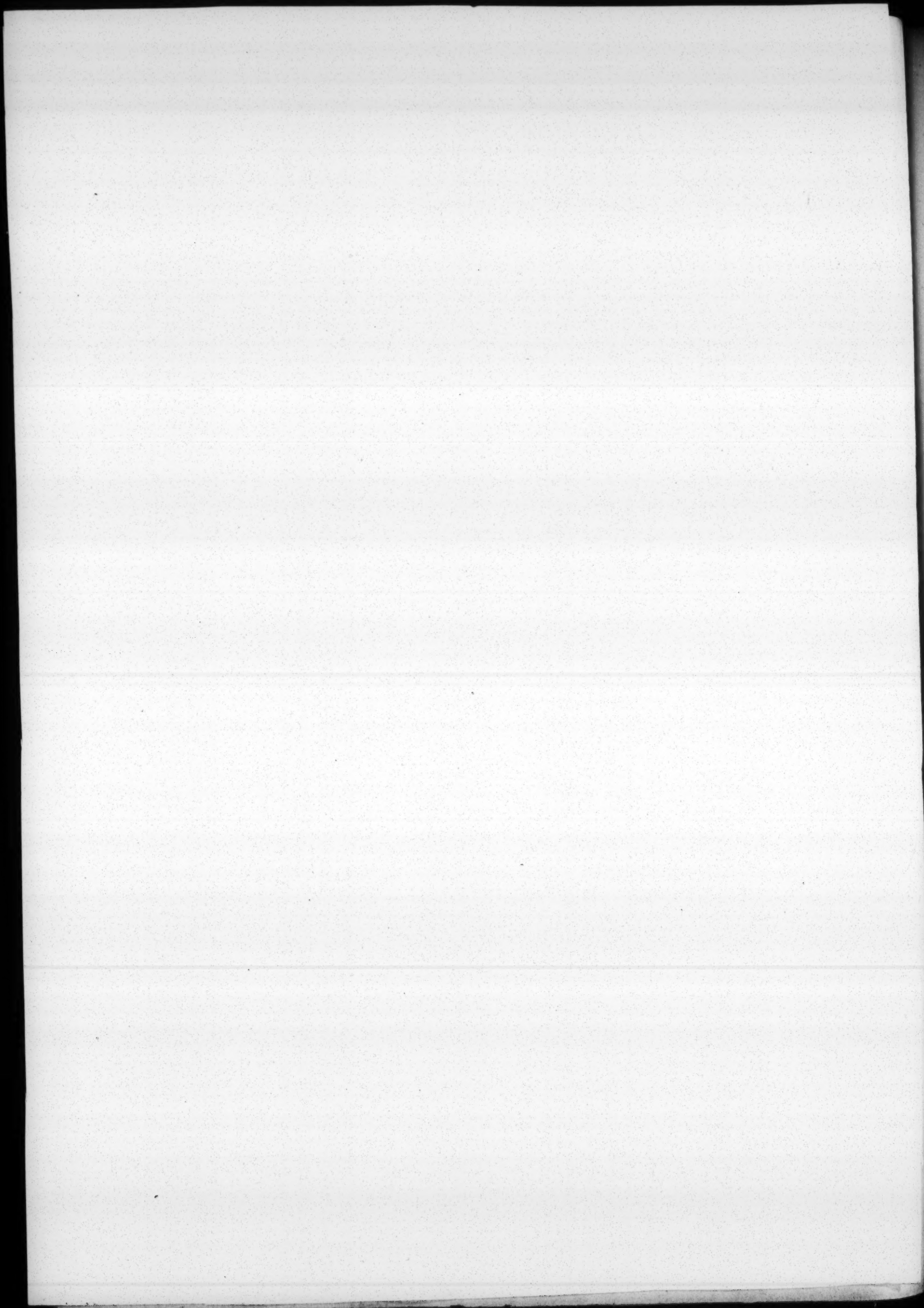
of the black furze that forms the foreground.

The road to Fawley, which is five miles from Beaulieu, is directly opposite to the gate that limits the boundary of the forest. The heath, as just observed, is covered with furze ; and, though it lies high, has many bogs on it. The preceding day having proved very rainy, the part of the road we were to pursue was utterly impassable for foot passengers, and nearly so for horses. Those we rode on, at every step they took, sunk almost up to the girths in a heavy clay and water ; and though the road, from the gate at which we entered to another part of the woods less swampy, was only two miles in length, we were at least an hour and a half in passing it.

We were however soon compensated for the trouble and fatigue we had undergone in getting through this swamp. The Isle of Wight now became a western boundary, and appeared in all its splendour ; the nearest shores pressed hard on our first distance ;  
and













and Cowes road, forming a recess, was relieved by the hills near St. Catherine's.

Our destination being for Eagle Hurst, the seat of lord Carhampton, we passed Fawley on the left, and proceeded along the brow of a furly heath. This building is an excellent land mark, and elegant in its outward appearance. From the top of the tower, it commands a very extensive view of the island and the opposite shores to the east and north ; and from its western side, the major part of the forest ; where Redbridge and Langford Hills are very conspicuous. Southampton and its river have a capital appearance. The south west prospect presents the Hills of Lymington, and the country towards Christ-church.

Eagle Hurst, or as it is generally named by the inhabitants of the coast, Luttrell's Folly, is built close to the shore, and near the point on which stands Calshot Castle. The building is very whimsical, but neat and agreeable to the sight. On the top of it a round tower is erected, which was originally



ginally intended to have a full view over the southern shores of the Isle of Wight; but unfortunately the director or architect forgot that the ground on which it stands is not of an equal height with the intervening mountains on the island. The portico has a pleasant appearance, and is very convenient.

The inside of the house, or castle if the reader so pleases, (for it mounts a few pieces of cannon on its battlements) is both commodious and elegant in the extreme. The ground floor has two parlours. On the first floor there is a handsome and spacious drawing-room. The *basso-relievos* that are fixed in the walls are executed in a masterly manner, and well selected;—nor is the judgment of its noble proprietor less conspicuous in his selection of a Venus and Cupid, a beautiful picture from the Italian school, which hangs in the best bed-room. We could not help regretting that his lordship has not a collection; as from this picture, and a few scarce etchings by Francisco Londonio, of Milan, we might expect it to be well chosen.

But

But to return to the drawing-room. We seldom see so much neatness as reigns here. A curious glass lock is affixed to its door on a singular construction. The furniture is plain, and the walls are of a plain paper, with gold and silver bordering. A bed-room on the same floor is as neat and convenient as the drawing-room. On the second floor is a dressing-room and bed-chamber, with every elegance that denotes judgment.

From this, a well-staircase conducted us to the top of the round tower, where we enjoyed one of the most extensive views Hampshire can boast. The kitchens, except being damp in winter, are equally convenient with the other parts of the house. Several subterraneous passages lead from the area to a number of marquees, to which the family retire when the turbulence of the weather renders a residence in the house disagreeable. In these tents there are several beds, and also a kitchen. The house being small, these retreats are both cool and agreeable. At their back stands a yew



hedge, which protects them from the severity of the north and north-west winds. From hence another passage underground leads to a bathing-house on the beach. All these retreats are well bricked and floored ; but so very wet at times, that they are impassable.

Calshot Castle, which lies on this neck of land, has nothing in its appearance to recommend it to attention. It is of a round form, with a draw-bridge, and a few buildings for the garrison, which consists of invalids. It was built by Henry the Eighth, for the defence of Southampton ; but at present appears to be of little strength, and of less consequence.

We now returned to Fawley for the night, a pleasant ride of about three miles ; the opposite shores of the river, which are a perfect garden, continually bursting on the sight. Fawley is a small but very pleasant town. There are a few salt works here, but not of so much consideration as those adjoining to Lymington. Nothing of antiquity lies nearer to it than Beaulieu.

Mr.

Mr. Drummond has a feat situated about a mile from Fawley, and nearly the same distance from the shore. From the back of it are very extensive views up and down the river ; but that from the front of it is chiefly confined to the grounds before the house.

The inside of the mansion is spacious and elegant. The rooms are lofty. A most noble dining-room and drawing-room, with a parlour, a library, and other apartments, are on the ground floor. When we entered the library, we observed, over the fire-place, a piece, which we supposed to be by Rubens. It is one of those capital landscapes that were engraved by Bolswert. The foreground of it is rather crowded, but the colouring and distance are equal to any thing the pencil of that great artist ever produced. We expected to have found more pictures, from this specimen of Mr. Drummond's judgment ; but could only see two small sea pieces accompanying this noble *chef d'œuvre* of the master.



On the first floor, which consists of bed-chambers, the rooms are equally spacious and neat. The idea of convenience seems to have spread itself all over the house. Nor is the second floor less desirable than the first. These two floors contain fourteen bed-rooms, besides dressing rooms &c. &c. The hall at the entrance of the house supports its roof with a few pillars quite plain. The offices are adjoining to the house, and are such as we generally find attached to gentlemens' seats. The grounds round the house are well laid out, both for pleasure and convenience. At the bottom of the park, near the water, is a farm, in which there appears to be little, except convenience, to render it worthy of notice.

From Mr. Drummond's we entered again the turnpike road, and pursued our way to Hythe, a small town lying about six miles off. The road to this place is through one of the pleasanter spots near Hampton, for a morning's excursion. The forest, in many parts, sweeps to the water's edge. It however presents nothing very different from  
what

what we had hitherto seen. Till we arrived at Hythe, it was a plain strait road, with a continual prospect of the opposite shores. We there gained a totally different aspect of Southampton, from a piece of broken ground, bounded by a few forest plants, under whose branches we had a most picturesque view of the town and shipping.

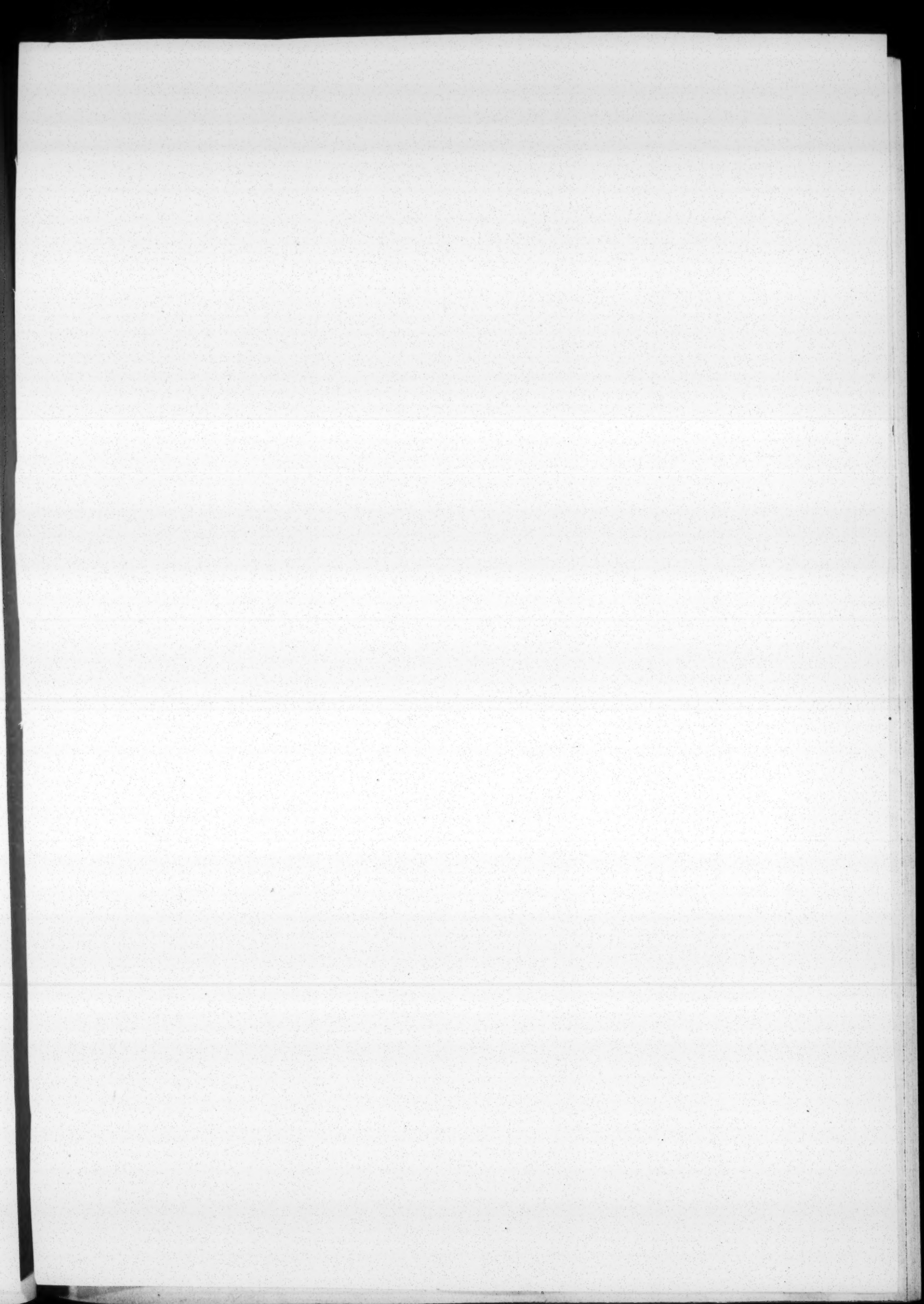
The scale was too large to be circumscribed in a small drawing, and too grand for any thing less than a picture. A gentle declivity of the hill swept round a few shrubs that gradually declined the steep ;— a newly mown clover field, with the sun catching full on it, and on it alone, bounded the fore ground ;—while the river, variegating its shades, terminated with Hampton and its distance in an entire shadow. But though Southampton appeared the grandest object in the distance, it was too far off to bring into a compass small enough for this work, without ruining its composition.

Hythe is a small fishing town, whose chief dependance is on its opposite neighbour,

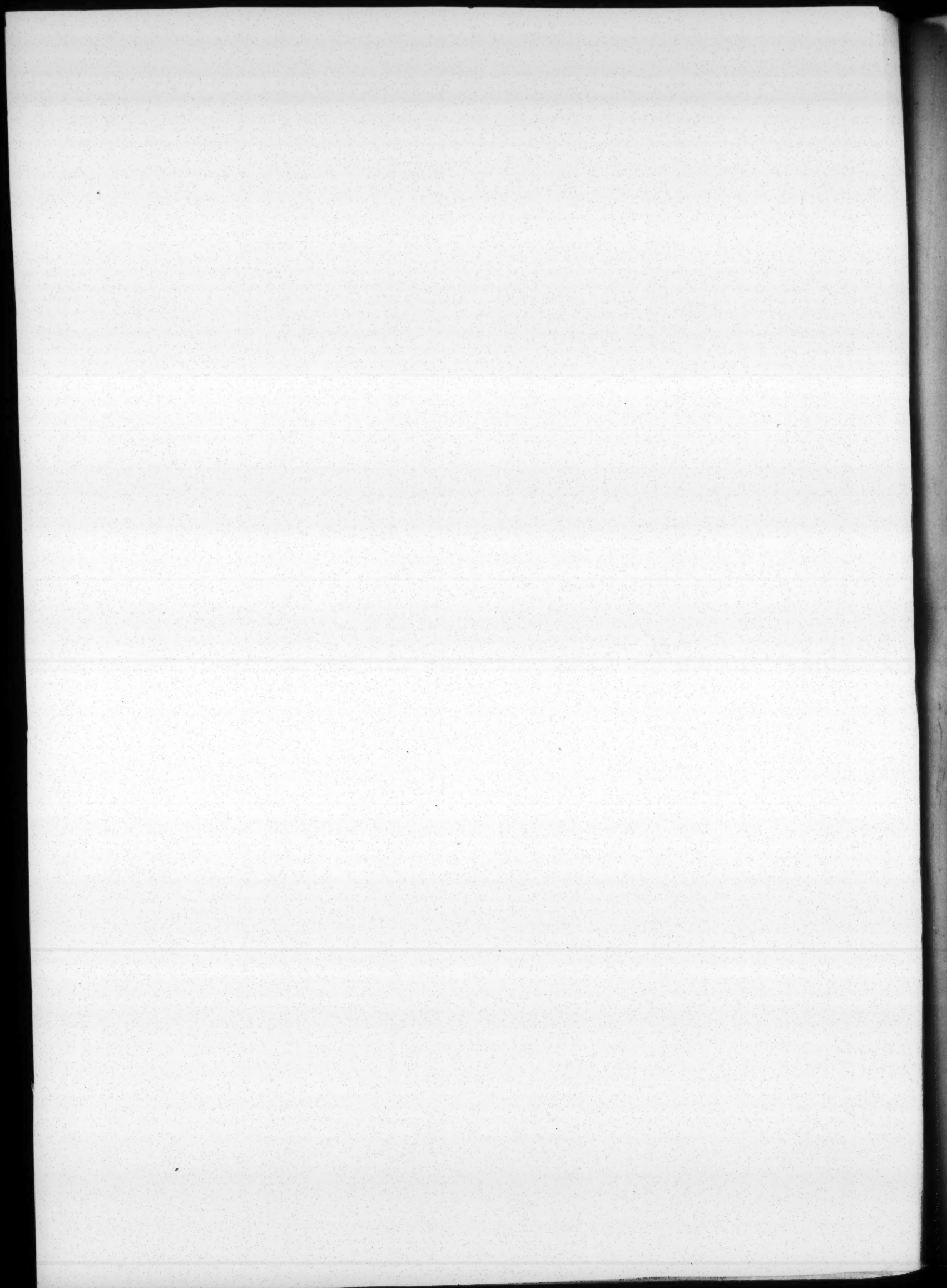


bour, Southampton. A few ships, and those of no considerable burthen, are built here; and we must add, their construction is attended with every inconvenience that can belong to a shore. A continual bed of mud extends itself from Calshot Castle to Redbridge, and renders landing, even at high water, very disagreeable. When the tide ebbs, in most parts it is nearly an impossibility to get to sea at all. We rode along the shore a little way towards Eling, but were prevented by the continual beds of mud from going farther.

We therefore turned again into the Redbridge road, and pursued our route through a most luxurious continuance of oaks and ashes which skirt the road. We cannot leave this route from Fawley, without reminding the visitors of Hampton, that when they are desirous of a pleasant and variegated excursion, it will be hardly possible for them to find a more sheltered, pleasing, and good road, than that from Southampton over Redbridge to Eling and Hythe. And if they wish for an aquatic excursion back  
to













to Hampton, they may proceed from thence; it being only three miles across; whereas by the road way it is twelve miles.

Being now desirous of traversing the shores of Southampton River by water, we sent our horses back, and proceeded from the mouth of the river Beft, along the southern shore. At Redbridge, the Beft joins the water of Hampton, and so powerfully does it predominate, that at ebb tide it almost freshens the salt water. The Itching and Hamble rivers likewise blend their streams into the water of Hampton; so that bathing in it can scarcely, in our opinion, be considered as bathing in *salt* water.

But to return. We intended, as has just been said, to sail along the shores of the river and observe its different appearances. Our voyage would have been very pleasant, could we have kept one shore close, while the other might keep its distance; but we were exceedingly disgusted at the continual shoals of mud that obliged us to confine ourselves almost to mid-channel.

Eling



Eling spire, from the water, has a pleasant appearance among its woody banks ; but a quantity of stiff paling, painted white, proved a disgusting contrast to the harmonizing bank, and clinging shrub.

A beautiful vegetation spreads itself along the shore towards Hythe ; but not having the advantage of a rising or a setting sun, we lost the greatest part of its beauties. The glare of a mid-day sun on the plants, hurts the eye ;—nor was the movement of the tide smooth enough to catch its variegated shades. On a fine clear evening, when scarcely a breath of air floats on the surface of the gliding stream, we have often observed one wave, carelessly rolling to the coming tide, catch the sun's reflections on some evening cloud,

And stain its mirror with the wood's soft hues ;  
giving to the admirers and watchers of her motions, every transport that a breast, susceptible of picturesque scenes, can possibly feel from the conjunction of all the beauties that Nature boasts. We are persuaded, that when the imagination of a picturesque observer

server is fired at a combination of pleasing objects, thus suddenly presenting themselves, they afford the highest pleasure the heart is capable of experiencing.—But was dame Nature continually to present her grandest objects to our view, we should soon grow insensible to them; and all those feelings which adorn the mind, would lose much of their vigour and efficacy.

The shore still bore the same aspect all the way to Hythe. From the water, this town has a pleasant appearance;—nor is the dock ungrateful to the sight. Little difference in the view is seen along the shore to Mr. Drummond's; the elegance of which from the river diminishes considerably. Nothing of novelty is perceptible till we reach Calshot Castle. From this spot Hampton appears very diminutive;—nor does any place but Cowes road show to advantage. Eagle Hurst loses its noble appearance;—and even the ships at Spithead are not distinctly to be discerned by the naked eye.

Stretching over to the opposite shore, we made up the harbour. Wood chiefly ac-  
 VOL. I. L companies



companies the banks of the river along this side as well as the other. Governor Hornby's house was the only mansion that broke the view till we came to the mouth of Hamble river. The tide running strongly out, we were not able to land.

Hamble Church has a pleasing appearance from the water, and agreeably relieves the sight. At this village there was formerly a priory of Cistercian monks, dedicated to St. Andrew, which became a cell to the abbey of Tirone in France, and was at length given to New College in Oxford. We intended to have landed here, but were prevented by the current; and night approaching, we stood out again, when we repassed a continuation of the same scenes.

The fort of Netley Abbey makes but an inconsiderable appearance from the water. Itching river was our next principal object. This we ferried up. The village of Itching consists of a few houses that stray along its shore. Woody screens bind its right hand, while a more open space lies on its left.

We

We found but few things worth attention till we arrived at Wood Mill, near South Stoneham, where there is a lock which admits the barges going to Winchester, and is the only navigable passage. The back part of Mr. Sloane's house commands a view of the whole river, itself appearing very conspicuous. We returned down the opposite banks, and passed Denis's or St. Dionysius's priory. From hence general Stibbert's house has every prospect that can be wished for. Nothing further presented itself to claim notice on the opposite shore, except Sydney Farm, and the houses on Pear-tree Green. Leaving the river, we now passed the point, and landed at Hampton quay.

A desire of visiting Broadlands, the seat of lord Palmerston, led us next to Romsey. The road from Southampton to that place strikes off near the polygon, to the right, over the common. On this road the New Forest, which lies to the left, appears in every grandeur possible till we pass the heath. His lordship's woods hence skirt the road on both sides. A disagreeable plantation



of firs present themselves at its entrance, but are soon relieved by the more pliable saplings of the oak and the ash. These woods entirely formed our left hand screens, while the adjacent hills of the forest terminated in a delightful and fertile valley.

Near the five mile stone, on the left, lies Mr. Fletcher's house. It is a spacious building, and, viewed from the road, seems to boast a venerable antiquity. Though low, it commands a fine clear view of the surrounding country. The river Best runs close to the grounds; and the prospect of the continual woods and promontories that verge into the valley, gives a simplicity to the scene, together with every beauty that can enliven the imagination.

Verging to the left, we had an opening to the spire of Romsey church.—Of this edifice, and the antiquities of Romsey, we intend to speak more fully when we treat of the northern parts of our tour. Our design at this time being more particularly to take a view of lord Palmerston's seat,  
we

we shall confine ourselves at present to that.

The noble proprietor, much to his credit, permits the inhabitants of the adjacent parts to share in the pleasures of his grounds. Several walks intersect the park, which are constantly resorted to by the neighbouring gentry. The space before the front of the house is elegant in the extreme, and regularly planted with pleasing, but small shrubberies. The lodge is simply plain, and discovers the refined taste of its owner; nor could we perceive in any one of the apartments, or any article of the furniture, any trait of a want of that refined taste.—Elegance and neatness, directed by judgment, predominate through the whole mansion.

The house is a square building;—the porch supported by four stately pillars, with a parlour on each side;—the windows high and convenient.—But when the inquisitive traveller, allured from the road by the external appearance, takes a view of the  
inside



inside, he then finds that the beauties and conveniences within, are far superior to those without.

The hall, which is square and spacious, is adorned with a few statues. A Venus *de Medicis*; an Apollo; a drunken Bacchante and dancing Faun; embellish the recesses. A few others, small, but correct, are placed over the doors.

From hence we entered the right-hand parlour; an elegant lofty room, with well-furnished furniture. The dining-room is also of a good size, and complete in all points. But when we were shown into the library, we were then fully convinced of the justice of the encomium we bestowed on this house, when we began our account of it. The combination of his lordship's collection of pictures, which indeed are but few, heightened the satisfaction we had at first received.

A waterfall by Ruyfdal, and that in his best manner, was almost lost to our sight, by being hung so high. The colouring of  
this

this piece is in his usual stile of softness and harmony; but too much studied. The flying clouds in mid-day, are in his first manner; a littleness, however, appears in the waterfall, from its being carried over a number of rocks in small streams. We regretted the want of a body of water in the foreground, to form the principal light; but this defect was fully compensated by its other beauties.

A large picture by one of the Flemish school, is wonderfully correct; the subject a merry-making. Two landscapes by Claude; the distant colouring soft and pleasant. The fore-grounds of these pictures are not unlike the touch of Patel; but the distances are so brightly coloured, and in so warm a stile, that we pronounce them Claude's;—more experienced connoisseurs we leave to their own judgment.

Two pieces of Sir Joshua's presented themselves to us, as we entered the door. The first was the children in the wood; a charming, soft, and beautiful colouring; the design



sign is as delicate and spirited, as the colouring is chaste. The subject was easily distinguishable by the bilberry-stained lips of the dormant child. The expression of the other child, and sleepy eye, for which the pencil of Sir Joshua is famed, almost deprived us of the pleasure that we ought to have viewed the other pictures with.

Its companion, a much fresher, though equally capital performance, was a Venus, with an attendant, chiding a Cupid, who, affected by his mother's lecture, stands disconsolately weeping. This performance, we could not help remarking, seemed to be carried to the highest pitch the art of painting can admit of. The portrait of the attendant in the back ground is most admirable. Of all the faces that ever the pencil gave birth to, we sincerely think this is the most perfect. So excellent an idea never entered the mind of a painter as that which seems to have inspired the pencil of Sir Joshua when this portrait was produced by it. The striking light on the right side is exquisite; while the reverse  
lays

lays in one of the finest half tints ever expressed by a Rubens or a Vandyke.

A picture by another artist of the Italian school, and a ceiling by the same, are well executed. Several other pieces, selected with equal judgment, grace the library. A few basso relievos and statues also adorn the sides of it; but above all, a capital piece of a Venus couchant, which is placed on a slab. The taste and execution of this piece of marble, assisted by the truest symmetry in all its proportions, and in point of personal beauty equally capital, render it a complete piece of the master. Another lies under the slab, but is far inferior to the former.

The great convenience of this room, joined to its pleasantness, and the view from it, make it a very desirable room for sitting in, and it is therefore much frequented by his lordship. From this room we passed into another equally elegant; which also contained book-cases and a few pictures.



After having viewed the remaining rooms on the ground floor, we proceeded up-stairs. Here we were again gratified with a voluptuous treat of a few more pictures. In an elegant and spacious apartment, which we supposed to be a dining-room, were a pair of capital landscapes by Marlow. The colouring of them is in his best manner. A prevalent harmony runs through the whole. The scenes are in the Italian stile. The principal one is a bridge ; a river the other. Two pictures, very like the stile of Mr. Farrington, are equally capital. Some cattle pieces (but none by Bergham, that we could see) with a Woverman's, and a few others, fill the room.

The bed-rooms are convenient and neat in the extreme ; particularly one, in which we were informed lady Palmerston's sister slept. To give a detail of every beauty, convenience, and elegance that this house abounds with, internally and externally, would much exceed the limits of our work.

The views from the house are pleasing  
and

and picturesque. From the library before-mentioned, we entered the back grounds and gardens. The new stone bridge over the river, appears from this part to add fresh lustre to the scene ; and is admirably well contrived to form an extremity to the park. The river Best passing through the park, forms a pleasant and interesting subject in the grounds. The gardens are equally tasty with the house and other parts ; and indeed for a combination of elegance, judgment, and neatness, Broadlands has scarcely its equal.



## SECTION IV.

THE evening drawing on, we left this agreeable place, and set out for Redbridge, to spend the night. Little that was novel presented itself as we went on, till we looked down upon Redbridge from a wood. The river of Southampton and the Isle of Wight, as in general they do here, closed the evening scene.

The road through Longford to White Parish Hill was our next route. Here we struck into the forest at Totten, and explored the most northern boundaries of it. The woody screens of the Romsey road from Hampton now appeared on the right; while Stony Cross bounded our first left-hand distance; and Ower appeared as the nearest village on the high road. The spire of Romsey Church had a desirable effect, from the number of breaks that presented it to us. Mr. Fletcher's house was continually in view for four miles. Lord Palmerston's was not always so discernible; the  
uninterrupted

uninterrupted range of woods that intervened, overtopping each other, scarcely permitted his lordship's house, from this point of view, to present its elegance to our sight.

An unvarying sameness continued for the greatest part of the way till we came near Poulton's, formerly the seat of the right honourable Hans Stanley, now of Welbore Ellis, Esq. No part of this house can be seen from the road we were in, the avenue leading to it being entirely surrounded by firs and other small plantations, which are frequent in this part of the forest, and appear to be cultivated by art.

The inside of Poulton House has nothing out of the common line to boast of. It is however surrounded with beautiful and extensive lawns, through which winds a serpentine river.

From this place we kept the right hand road, and soon entered a new scene, it being barren, and void of those beautiful fore-grounds the forest so frequently presents ;



fents. But here, Nature smiling in the distance, seemed to despise one of her barren productions. A most luxurious cover, spreading itself along the ridge of our first distance, gradually descended in a sweep below, on a disagreeable uniform hill. Above the first wood, a grand mountain relieved the humble foliage of the irregular oaks. From the western extremity, another copse reared its slender stems, and sweeping down a distant dell, lost itself in the entangled branches of the first distance. A few other broken hills from the east also took their curve down to the woods ;—while the setting sun, blending its last rays with a few distant hills which terminated the picture, gave spirit and beauty to every tree that joined them. But when we cast our eyes on the overgrown shrubby heath that surrounded our foreground, we could not help observing the despicable appearance which the planted pines cut. Their stiffness, joined to the barrenness of foliage around, so offended the sight, that the spot we stood on seemed as a foil to the sublimity of the voluntary effusions of Nature.

Disgusted

Disgusted at the contrast, we fancied we saw *Nature* looking down with contempt on the forming hand of *Art* that had raised the firs; and at the same time were led to pity the endeavours of man when he attempts to heighten the charms of *Nature* by the ineffectual aids of *Art*. We often hear painters declaim against *Nature's* ever being able to combine objects for a picture. But if I dare hazard such an assertion, I would say, I am firmly of opinion that never painter portrayed a landscape in such a style of excellence as may be seen in many parts of the New Forest and the Isle of Wight. As the heath grew blacker, so the distance appeared lively and dazzling. Thus we often see the distant copse, enveloped in the greatest degree of luxuriance that *Nature* can possibly spread, endeavouring to soften the hard lines of an ungrateful soil, where the bleak north-east wind

Scatters the remnants of his furly blasts.

Nor was a scene we saw the same evening at the boundary of a wood near Longford, less interesting than the foregoing. A group of cows, with a few sheep, returning to their  
nightly



nightly asylum, throwing up as they went on, a cloud of dust against the wood;—the sun at the same time just verging and tinting the summits of a few oaks;—had a fine effect. The herdsmen in the rear were in a superb and softer colouring by the incessant effects the cattle occasioned. Two of the foremost, with some sheep, were perfectly discernible; the rest gradually softened away.

Longford is thirteen miles from Southampton, in a pleasant healthy part of the forest, situated on the sloping cavity of a way-worn hill, surrounded by grand verdure, and overhanging shrubs.—Mr. Eyre has a seat here; and his son also has one, which commands very extensive views of the parts of Hampshire bordering on the county of Wilts.

About two miles beyond Longford we had several delightful views, where the woods formed fore-grounds, and the distances were equal to any in these parts. One in particular engaged our attention at  
the

the turnpike between Longford and White Parish Hill ; the other about a mile on this side of the last-mentioned place.

Nothing further, worthy of observation, fell in our way, till we arrived at White Parish Hill. Deer Park, where captain Eyre resides, is a pleasant retired spot, possessed of sufficient charms for any private family.

But when we had reached the summit of the hill, we were quite enraptured. Such a scene opened upon us as is seldom ever seen. —Salisbury spire presents itself from a well-topped shrubbery that ranges down the western side of Alderbury Common, and breaks a distance, which otherwise would rather cloy, than afford the exquisite pleasure every spectator must now view it with. The appearance of the spire is charmingly relieved by the plains. Of the city in which this elegant structure stands, we shall speak more fully hereafter, as we purpose taking Salisbury in our way to town.

But to return to the prospect from White  
VOL. I. N Parish



Parish Hill. The northern extent of it is bounded by the plains; which gradually join a luxurious cover that sweeps round the eastern boundaries of the vale, and mingles with the bolder promontories that close the right hand view. The other side view, which still possesses high ascents, is well watered and wooded in its vallies; and breaks into large sweeping curves of the vale, through which the flowing Avon meanders, and discharges itself at Christ Church.

Lord Radnor's castle, from this wonderful ascent, (for wonderful it might be truly called) is a conspicuous object. Still the opposite plains form an amphitheatre, when a break to the westward, introducing the very nearest boundaries of Dorsetshire, helps to finish the distance of this part. Wiltshire to the south-west still binds the valley; till a small hill, rather deformed, abruptly, but not unpleasantly, terminates the western view.

Hampshire, with all its wonted splendor,  
now

now breaks from its remote recesses, and vying with the pleasant scenes of Wiltshire, bursts forth into every extravagance that Nature can possibly boast. The proud plants of the forest disdaining their bounds, spread every profusion the most verdant foliage can possess; making by its grandeur such an elevated impression on the mind, as is not soon erased. This delightful scene still continued through the whole extent from west to east; and as if Nature thought she could not do enough to gratify the sight upon this occasion, she introduced a desirable limit of the ocean, with all the picturesque beauties of the Isle of Wight.

Having received every gratification such a lovely scene could afford, we returned towards Romsey. From this sweep of beauty we descended to a lane, bounded on both sides, for three miles, by hedge rows.—The village of White Parish is pleasant, but there is little worth notice to be met with at it. The very northern extent of the forest crosses the road here, and produces a scene



perfectly different from what we had seen before.

A gravel pit gave a lustre to its fore-ground. The figures and cattle, which consisted of a few cows, and a cart loaded with the produce of the pit, were so well adapted to the scene, that had we chosen their disposition, we could not have grouped them to so much advantage as they had done themselves. A fine broken cottage, with half of its roof covered with slate, the remainder covered with thatch overgrown with moss, relieved the variegated stone of which the fabric was constructed.—A window half open,—and a door shattered by time,—added beauty to the furze and heath that surrounded its entrance. A noble ash entwining its branches with a twisted pine, sheltered its right side; while a stately oak, which nearly extended its boughs to the ash, brought forward the cottage from its recess. The only deficiency was the want of a pale distance to give the true poetic scope to the picture.

Little

Little of any thing interesting presented itself till we had passed the heath. Curiosity here excited us to view a bog of some length, lying on Sherfield-English common. It commences close to the road, and extends over many parts of the common. We endeavoured to find its bottom, but could not fathom it with a pole of ten feet long. In order to try the firmness of the surface, we sent a dog that we had with us upon it; but the rains having rendered it incapable of bearing any weight, it was with difficulty the animal extricated himself.

On the right hand lies Milch-Wood, a pleasant seat, the residence of colonel Osborne, which commands a very extensive prospect. The house, from the road, appears to be a well-built, convenient, and neat mansion; and the grounds are spacious, but with very few embellishments. A little farther on to the left, is Mr. Lockart's, a modern brick building. A small stream, apparently branching from the river Best, passes its sides, and is the principal object that catches the eye.

As



As we ascended Dunmore hill, the magnificent aspect of the new forest began to grow more extensive. The rugged heath which we had passed the preceeding day, now fore-shortened itself; and helped to give altitude to the chain of hills we had observed to join Wiltshire. The colouring of these was superb.—Only the pencil of Mr. Farrington could have done justice to them. The sun was bright; and flying clouds, catching alternately at their tops, presented excellencies we have so often seen in this master.

The wonderful boldness and majesty with which these hills rose, afforded us greater pleasure than we had yet received. The lines were gracefully irregular, and all that a painter could possibly desire.—No formal hedge-rows appeared to displease the sight; and even the heath before mentioned, which had appeared so disgusting when we were on it, now added to the vivacity of the imagination;—the sun catching forcibly on its barren broom, and gravelly soil, produced a fine light to relieve the variegated distance. From henceforth I shall not despise the meanest

meanest object that nature presents ; for, if the subject might not happen to suit the immediate sight, I am well convinced, that although for the moment in which you traverse it, the appearance may disgust ; yet when seen in another point of view, it will answer some good purpose, and contribute, in some measure, towards the effect. Thus, in the view before us, the heath gave that contrasted beauty to the towering groves of the forest, which they could not derive from a corn field, or the bright hue of the bladed grass ; it blending so charmingly with the lower parts of the wood, which gradually decreased its noble dimensions as it descended into the winding vale.

The form and elegance so grand a burst of landscape displays to the sight, makes us despise that littleness which nature frequently spreads around her other works. As I have before observed, every shrub, though highly disgusting at the instant, may have charms when properly studied.

From Dunmore the views are excellent,  
and



and command the entire surrounding country. Dunmore is a hill, raised in the middle of a spacious amphitheatre, and equal to any in this county. The sea and the Isle of Wight are no small objects from it. Declining its side, we had a perfect garden at its foot. The river Beft, breaking from the left-hand hills, which contribute no inconsiderable share towards the harmony of the other parts, caught the frequent passing shadows of the flying substances, and heightened the tints of the flowers that decked the opening valley. While we surveyed this scene we could not help fancying that it had given rise to the following description in Goldsmith's traveller.

“ Lakes, forests, cities, plains extended wide,

“ The pomp of kings, the shepherds' humble pride.”

Romsey church was equally picturesque, and added to the view. The north window gave a noble appearance to the venerable building ; nor was the spire less observable, darting through the surrounding trees which hid the lower part of it. With cautious steps we descended the hill and took a view of the  
meandering





representing our Saviour. Sir William Petty, the son of an eminent clothier of this town, and one of the ancestors of the present marquis of Landsdown, lies buried in the church, with only his name inscribed on the stone, notwithstanding he was so celebrated a character.

The army of Cromwell, among their wanton devastations in this part of the kingdom, fired several cannon shot against the church, but not enough to deface it much. The impression of several are still visible on the walls of the north cross aisle.

A monastery of Benedictine nuns was founded here by king Edgar, who were afterwards removed by him to some other part of the county. A daughter of king Stephen was an abbess of it, but her marriage with Matthew of Alface so incensed the clergy, that large rewards were offered for taking her husband, and delivering him up to the incitements of their religious zeal, whether alive or dead. So offended were these bigots at the lady's relinquishing her holy station,

station, that they pronounced her union with the prince of Alface little short of incest.

In the time of Henry the Third, a petition from the lady abbess of this convent was presented to the king, praying that she might be permitted to erect a gallows for the execution of criminals. Her application was favourably received, and letters patent for that purpose were not only granted her, but also a jurisdiction for trying them.

A large manufactory for shalloons was formerly carried on in this town ; but the cheapness of labour in the northern parts of the kingdom, with the consequent superiority of the goods made there, has of late years caused a very considerable decrease in that branch.

According to the opinion of Dr. Stukely, this town was a Roman station, to which they gave the name of Arminis. Lord Palmerston's seat, already described, lies a little to the left of it.



Having a wish to take a view of the scenes which present themselves on the road to Hursley, we left the near way to Southampton, and took the left hand road. The views we had in the morning, now appeared less grand; which was occasioned by our being below the level of the general sight at that time. A few straggling cottages at the entrance of Sir William Heathcote's woods have every beauty a woody entrance usually produces. It continues a perfect grove for near three miles; and we may point it out as a pleasant ride from Southampton. Thatchbury Mount has to boast of having been the residence of kings. It is now the property of the Heathcote family.

The evening advancing apace, the declining sun gave additional beauty to the surrounding woods. A purple tint diffused itself in the distance that verged into the water of Hampton, and exhibited fresh proofs of the picturesque appearance of Hampshire. Crossing Cranbury Common, we arrived, about twilight, at Hampton, after a pleasant tour of three days.

SECTION

## SECTION V.

**B**ISHOP's Waltham being the place we intended to visit next, we left Southampton before day-break, in order to see the effect produced by the rising of the sun. By the time our horses had crossed Itching ferry, we observed a light bursting through a cloud on the downs; we therefore hastened to Pear-tree Green; but to our great disappointment, the mist instantaneously vanishing, the sun broke up. We had pleased ourselves with the hopes of beholding a strong expellant from the sun, owing to a thick mist that had spread itself upon the water; the great power of that orb, in the month of August, was, however, not adapted to the occasion.

The heath, enlivened by the pearly dew, spangling with morning webs the surface of the withered fern, shone in a multiplicity of colours, and had sufficient attraction for the sight, as well as for the improvement of  
colouring



colouring a morning fore-ground. The opposite shores of Fawley now shone forth with all their attractions. A fine harmonizing glare of pale yellow streaked along the oak-bound strand, that just verged upon the shore, and imperceptibly crept into the stronger tints of the green and blue by which the river's surface was stained. Hamble river, and its banks, lay beneath the shadow of the adjacent hills.

Inclining to the left, we crossed into the road near Botley. This town stands on a hill, and among its inhabitants has several genteel families. The buildings are chiefly brick and plaster. At the lower end of the town are several mills, the best in the county for convenience and capaciousness.

Here we quitted the high road, and struck over the downs which lie to the left, where fresh scenes at every instant encountered the sight. The distant parts of the county joining the hills of Sussex, appeared so beautifully diversified with wood, water, and mountains, that it brought another part of Goldsmith's

smith's picturesque "Traveller" to our recollection :

" Her uplands sloping, deck the mountain's side,  
" Woods over woods in gay theatric pride ;  
" While oft some temple's mouldering top between,  
" With venerable grandeur marks the scene."

A range of woods declining from the sight, rushed down the mountain's side to taste the rivers flow, and join the bending poplar's nod, that overhung the beachy clift, and unconscious of their charms, in sweet confusion, spread along the basis of the mountains, to ease the line of many a rugged step. Such scenes frequently encounter the eye near Botley, and afford inconceivable pleasure to the enraptured mind.

Botley Common leads to the lower parts of Wykeham forest, the trees of which are high, and chiefly oak, with very little underwood; a circumstance that renders the gentlemens' seats in these parts well situated for hunting.

During our excursions in the New Forest we had frequently observed the cattle about  
noon

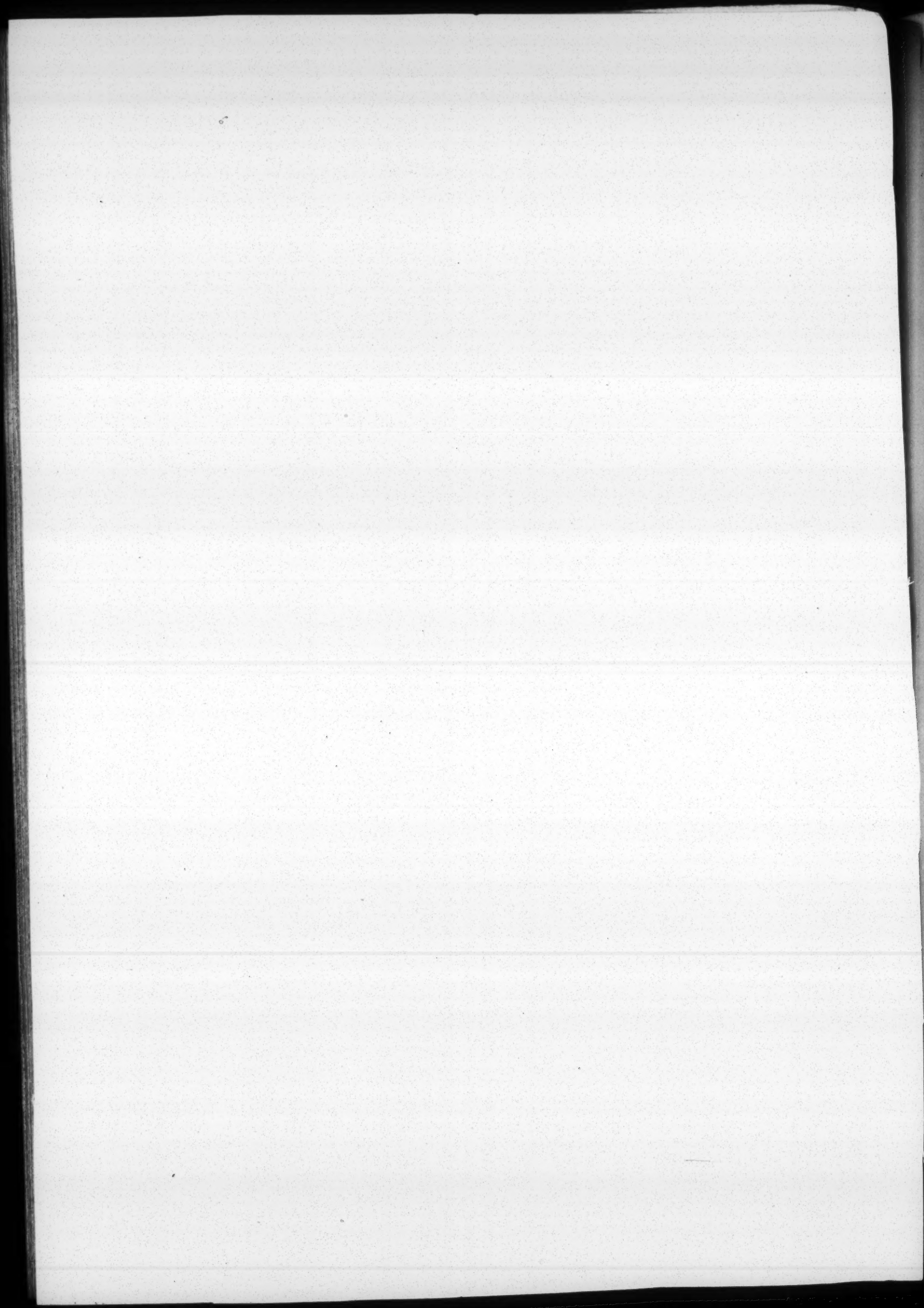


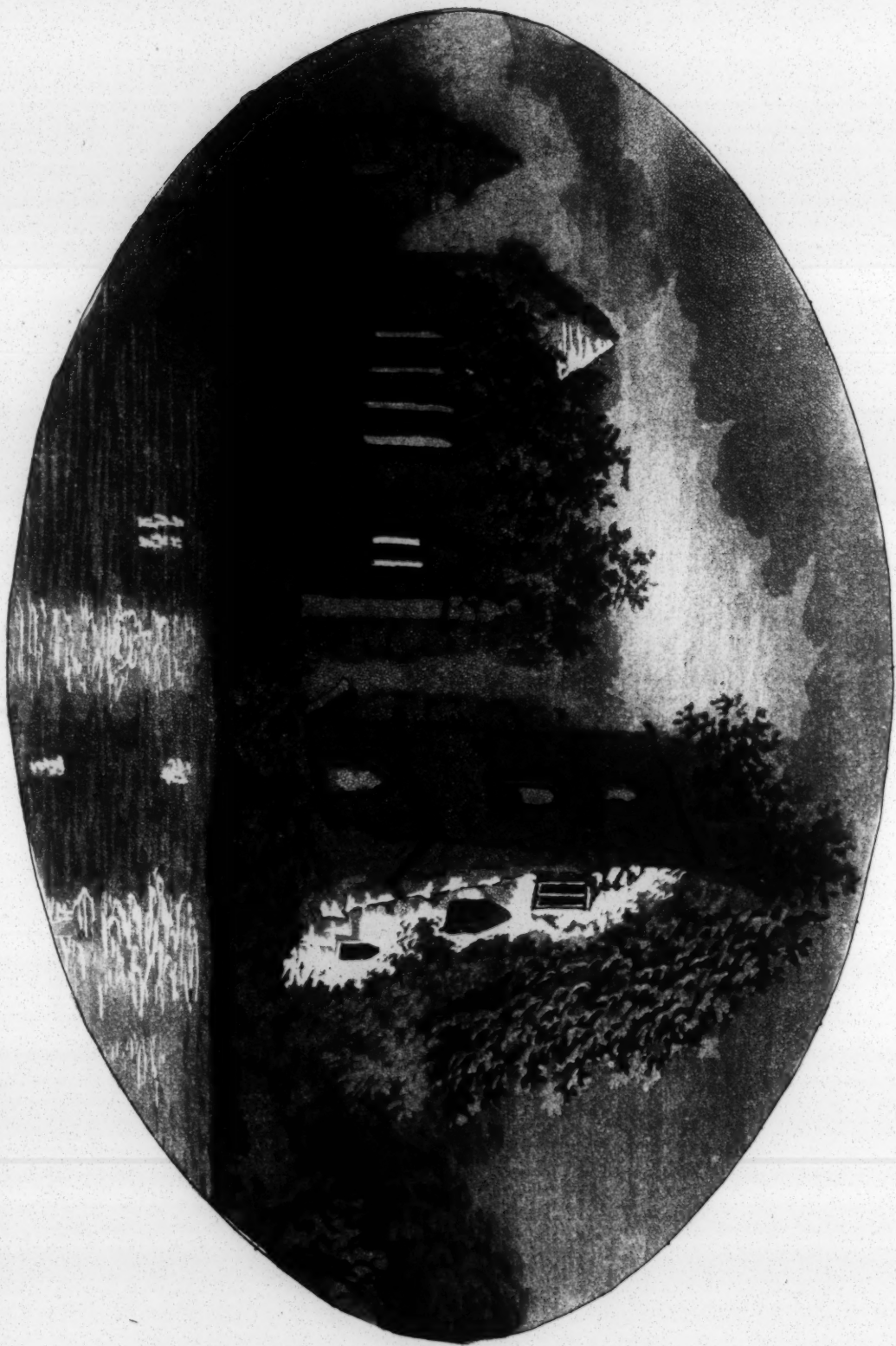
noon to associate together in herds. Here we had an opportunity of seeing great numbers of them collected together on the top of a hill, and we found that it was customary for cows and horses to assemble in a body, in order to screen each other from the scorching beams of the sun during the mid-day heat. They usually chuse for that purpose some elevated place, that they might enjoy the refreshing breeze; and are observed every day to frequent nearly the same spot. In one place to which we resorted for several successive days, we particularly remarked that we always found the same heifers, colts, and other cattle, we had seen there the preceding day; and that, not ten yards distant from the spot, nor ten minutes sooner or later. In the evenings we as surely found them chest-high in the same water, in the adjacent valley. Nor is it unusual for them, when they are overburthened with flies, to run full speed to the water, plunge themselves in, and lie on their sides till they have disengaged themselves from their tormenting companions,

From













From the Forest of Wykeham, we made for Bishop's Waltham, or as it is termed by the country people, the Bishop's Abbey. The remains of this abbey plainly evince that it was once a place of some consequence. One tower only at present remains, and that is in a shattered condition. The building, however, though much defaced by time, is in its highest state of perfection for the canvas. The walls are overgrown with ivy ; which, notwithstanding it had contributed to reduce the fabric to its present ruinous state, now lends its utmost aid to prevent its mouldering sides from sinking into oblivion.

The inside of the priory is appropriated to the uses of a farm yard ; and such parts of the walls as remain, are covered in, and become barns and cart-hovels. The town of Bishop's Waltham is a small, disagreeable, ill-paved, inconvenient spot, and possessed of no one requisite to make it otherwise. It received the name of Bishop's Waltham, from its being formerly a palace of the bishop of Winchester.



Some years ago a party of the inhabitants of this town retired to a recluse dell in the forest, from whence they issued forth during the night; and, their numbers rendering them formidable, committed depredations in the neighbourhood, killing deer, sheep, &c. for their subsistence. As they chiefly made their appearance in the night, they were named the *Waltham Blacks*. The place of their residence was a recess, inaccessible by any other way than a subterraneous passage. They dressed like foresters; the cross-bow was their weapon; and some say they asserted that they were the descendants of Robin Hood; certain however it is, that they lived, like him, by plunder. In this licentious state they remained a considerable time; and at last were dispersed by the activity of the neighbouring gentlemen.

We left Bishop's Waltham without regret, and crossed the forest to Wykeham; which, whether it be denominated a village or a town, stands on a pleasant, healthy spot. It has several good houses in it, and is a post town on the road to Gosport, from which  
it

it is distant nine miles ; from Portsmouth fourteen. Little else is recorded of it, besides its having had the honour of being the birth-place of William of Wykeham.

This celebrated person, whose parents were people of mean rank in the town of Wykeham, received his education at Westminster school, and by his great abilities made his way to the highest offices. Edward the Third finding him a skilful architect, appointed him surveyor of the royal buildings, with a handsome allowance. Windsor castle, the favourite residence of that king, was built under his inspection ; and having executed many other works with equal judgment and fidelity, he was rewarded by his majesty with several high preferments both civil and ecclesiastical, till at length he succeeded to the see of Winchester, and was appointed lord high chancellor. His memory has been immortalized by the noble foundations which owe their existence to him. Among the chief of these are his college at Winchester, and New College at Oxford. The cathedral of Winchester, as



before observed, was rebuilt by him in its present magnificent stile, and he lies interred therein. He died at his palace in Bishop's Waltham.

As, in order the better to pursue the purpose of our journey, we never travelled in a public road, but when it was not possible to take any other, we now struck into the private one leading over the heath to Southwick. Near the road's side stands the house of Mr. Garnier, pleasantly laid out with a park and gardens. Here we particularly kept the right hand, which led through a village, and skirted the wood-side. Nothing remarkable presented itself but that of its being a bad stony road, and in some parts nearly up to the horses' knees in sand. By the side of it, a large track of boggy common land, continued for a very considerable distance, which hurt the eye. This rocky road lasted most of our way to Southwick.

At the entrance of this town is a small rivulet, which rushing over a few pebbles, relieves the opposite cottages. At the entrance

trance of the town were several brick houses, the appearance of which was ungrateful to the sight, and the more so as they precluded the greater beauties of the broken sides of many a mouldering hut.

Mr. Thistlewaite has a large house on the left hand at the bottom of the town, which appears quite deserted. The grounds around it are spacious, but they are in bad order.

SECTION



## SECTION VI.

THE whole of the road from Southwick to Ports-down hill, which was now the spot to which we bent our course, is composed of flint stones, by which our horses' legs were much cut. The sun being on the decline, we made all the speed we could to reach that place, in order to enjoy, by his declining rays, the beautiful prospects it is well known to afford. The soil of the hill consists of a chalky surface, with a bed of flint underneath; and where cultivated is very productive.

Nor were we disappointed in our expectations, when we had reached the summit, which was about half an hour before the sun set. The views were indeed noble and extensive beyond description. The first scenes that presented themselves to the eastward were Sussex hills. The spire of Chichester cathedral caught the full force of the sun's rays, and shone in every splendor wherewith the Smiths' of that town have pourtrayed

pourtrayed it. The ridge of mountains which separate Petworth from the sea, though thirty miles distant, were perfectly visible; and through a part where the chain was abruptly broken, the hill of Petworth peeped up to soften the distance.

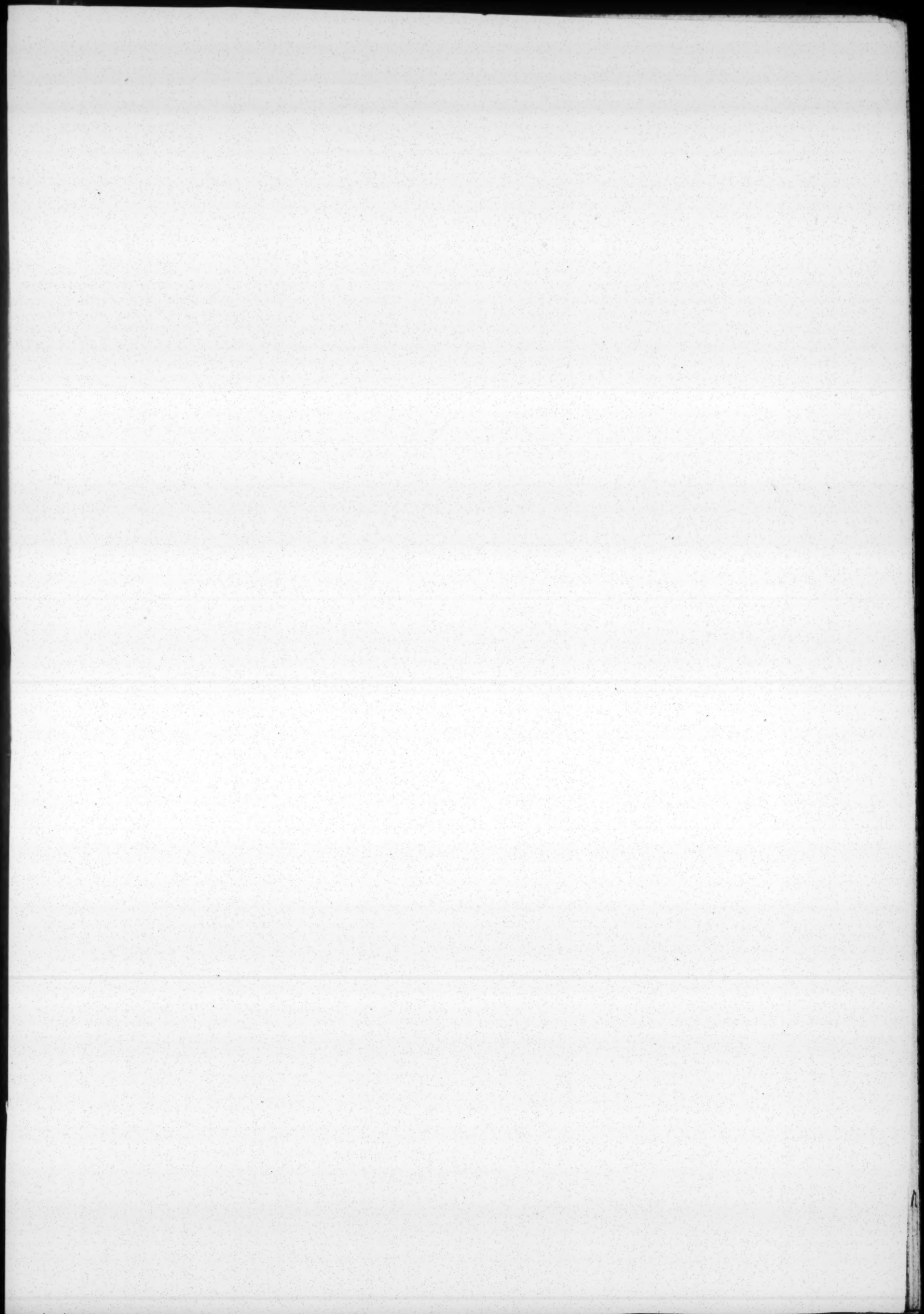
The hills of Hampshire again proved a foil to their neighbours, and launching their foliage along their verdant brows, sunk by degrees into the valley of Southwick. The spire of that village, encircled by the trees, was pleasing to the eye. Hambleton hills to the north-west were agreeable, but not so bold as those of Suffex. Here the valley again encountered the sight, and uniting several small purling streams into one body, added fresh lustre to the dale.

To paint with true colouring and justice the hills which range towards Wiltshire, is beyond the reach of my pen. The magnificence with which each reared its head, and leaned upon its neighbour's brow, with here and there an irregular picturesque broken mountain, just rising its woody promontory  
to

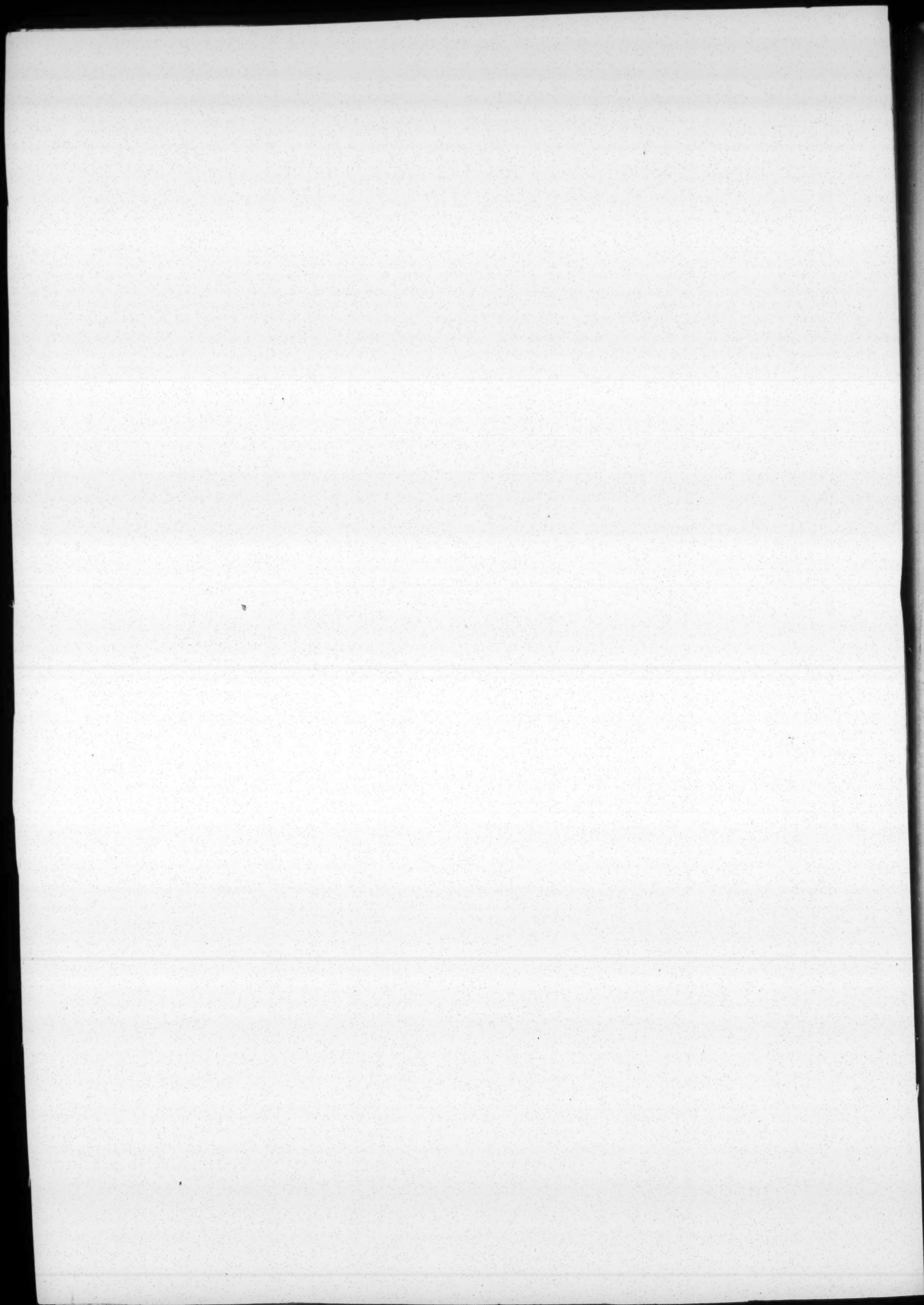


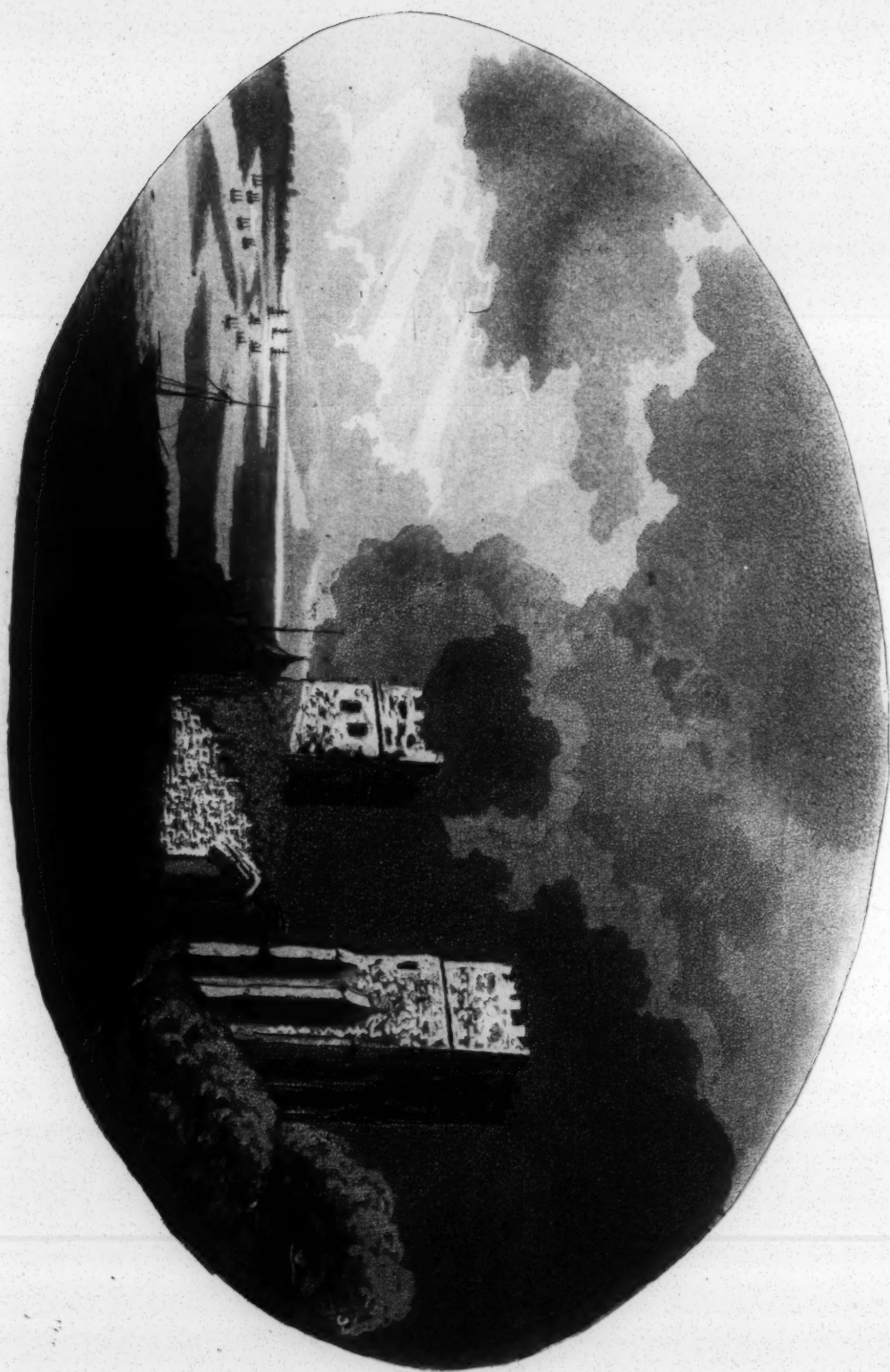
to skirt along its foot, and blend it with the valley, gave grace and sublimity to the scene. The Wiltshire plains rather evenly, but not unpleasantly, appeared on fire from the reflection of the sun, and closed the north-west view.

The woods of Hampshire now resumed their former lustre, and stretching round to the south-west, brought the noble mountains we see at Dunmore, to a termination at Lymington. Dorsetshire swept along our horizon, (which the elevation of the spot we were on rendered uncommonly extensive) and introduced the Isle of Portland into the distance. All the forest of Hampshire was clothed in its wonted splendor. The sun, now gradually declining the hill, launched its glorious hues to the extensive fertile valley that lay below. It was one of those picturesque sun-sets, when the hovering clouds gather round its circumference, and only permit it partially to cast its rays on some flowery vale, and glide up the mountain's side, dazzling with its lustre, and striking with its colouring.—A moment when













when the mind of the contemplative observer must be impressed with the most pleasing sensations.

The Isle of Wight, with its sloping hills and ouzy shore, is seen from Ports-down to every advantage ; the eye at once taking in the eastern part, St. Helen's, and its westernmost point, the Needles. From this spot Portsmouth harbour likewise receives every addition its incessant turns can give it.

The Castle of Porchester was in our foreground. This building is said to have been erected by Gurgentius, one of the British kings before the commencement of the Christian æra. According to tradition, the village of Porchester is the place where Vespasian the Roman emperor landed when he came to Britain. Here was anciently a large harbour, for the defence of which the castle was built; but the sea gradually retiring from it, till there was not a sufficient depth of water for vessels of burthen, the inhabitants removed to Portsea. Henry the First founded here a priory of Augustine canons,

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which



which appears to have been soon after removed to Southwick; where it continued till the dissolution, when it was valued at two hundred and fifty-seven pounds four shillings and four-pence a year. Two of the towers of the castle are still standing. The court-yard is spacious, and contains a chapel. The whole is surrounded by a wall, very perfect, with battlements on the top; but the inside is much injured by time, and mouldering fast to decay. It commands an uninterrupted view of Portsmouth harbour, and of the surrounding country. The principal use it has been put to of late years, has been that of a place of confinement for the French prisoners during a war.

The men of war lying at Spithead appear from Ports-down Hill like small spots on the water. The south-east point of Portsea stretches to Thorly Island, where it retires to the Sussex coast. The blue curtain of night, now, softly lowered on the mountain's brow, delightfully harmonized the ærial substances with the misty dales, and closed our evening scenes.

Descending

Descending the hill, we entered the out-works of Portsmouth; and passed several drawbridges, with many improvements made in the fortifications of that place by direction of his grace the duke of Richmond; but the evening being closed in, we must have lost the sight of many interesting subjects in the military line, that lay in our way to the town.

At this place the empress Maud landed, when she came to dispute the right of king Stephen to the crown of England.

Portsmouth received its name from its situation at the mouth of an æstuary, which, at high water, surrounds a tract of country about fourteen miles in circumference, called Portsea Island. Its fortifications were begun by Edward the Fourth, and augmented by Henry the Seventh, and his son Harry the Eighth; they were afterwards greatly improved by queen Elizabeth; but to Charles the Second do they chiefly owe their present strength, extent, and magnificence. That Portsmouth is a place of some



antiquity, might be proved from an hospital called God's House, dedicated to John the Baptist, and Saint Nicholas, which was founded here by Peter de Rupibus, and at the dissolution was valued at thirty-three pounds nineteen shillings and five-pence per annum.

The Common is now the most considerable part of Portsmouth ; but nothing more than the chapel of St. John, and the dockyard, are worth inspection. The former is a beautiful modern building, ornamented in the inside with pillars of the Ionic order. We regretted that the architect was not known to us. The organ, by England, is a fine piece of mechanism, and much admired both for its tone and appearance.

The dockyard, I need not say, is allowed to be the completest, probably, in the world. A great number of labourers of every kind are employed in it. The warehouses, containing the stores, are numerous and spacious ; and all the buildings remarkably clean and neat. Commissioner Martin resides in a  
handsome

handsome house within the walls of the yard, which are at least two miles in circumference; and through the vigilance and indefatigable attention of that gentleman, every care is taken to secure this invaluable arsenal at once from the inspection of foreigners, and the attempts of ill-disposed persons.

The fortifications have of late been greatly improved and augmented by the present master-general of the ordnance, his grace of Richmond. The entrance of the harbour is defended on the east by Southsea Castle, and towards the west by Monckton Fort, situated opposite the Mother Bank. The former was erected by king Henry the Eighth, was of great strength, and lies about a mile and a half south of the town. On the land-side the town is strongly fortified by works of considerable extent.

Portsmouth was incorporated by king Charles the First, and is governed by a mayor, aldermen, recorder, and common-council:



council. A fair is held here on the sixteenth of July, which lasts fourteen days.

Gosport, situated on the opposite side of the harbour, is a place well known, and much resorted to by persons in the maritime line, but else of little note. Vessels sail at stated periods from hence to Guernsey, Jersey, and the adjacent islands. A hoy goes from hence to Southampton three times a week, and one to Cowes every day. But the packet-boats for the foregoing islands, and for Cowes, sail from Southampton.

The harbour of Portsmouth has a fine bottom, with from three to nine fathom water. There are several channels in it which are navigable at high water as far up as Fareham, a town about seven miles distant, and which makes a pleasant aquatic excursion. As we went up, we left Porchester Castle to the right ;—the hills of Ports-down closed the view. These hills, though rather too formal in their lines to give pleasure, yet serve to relieve the near distances. Fareham  
is

is a healthy little fishing town ; but as we only staid there while we took some refreshment, we had no opportunity of making any enquiries relative to it. We returned to Portsmouth by a different channel than that by which we had gone.

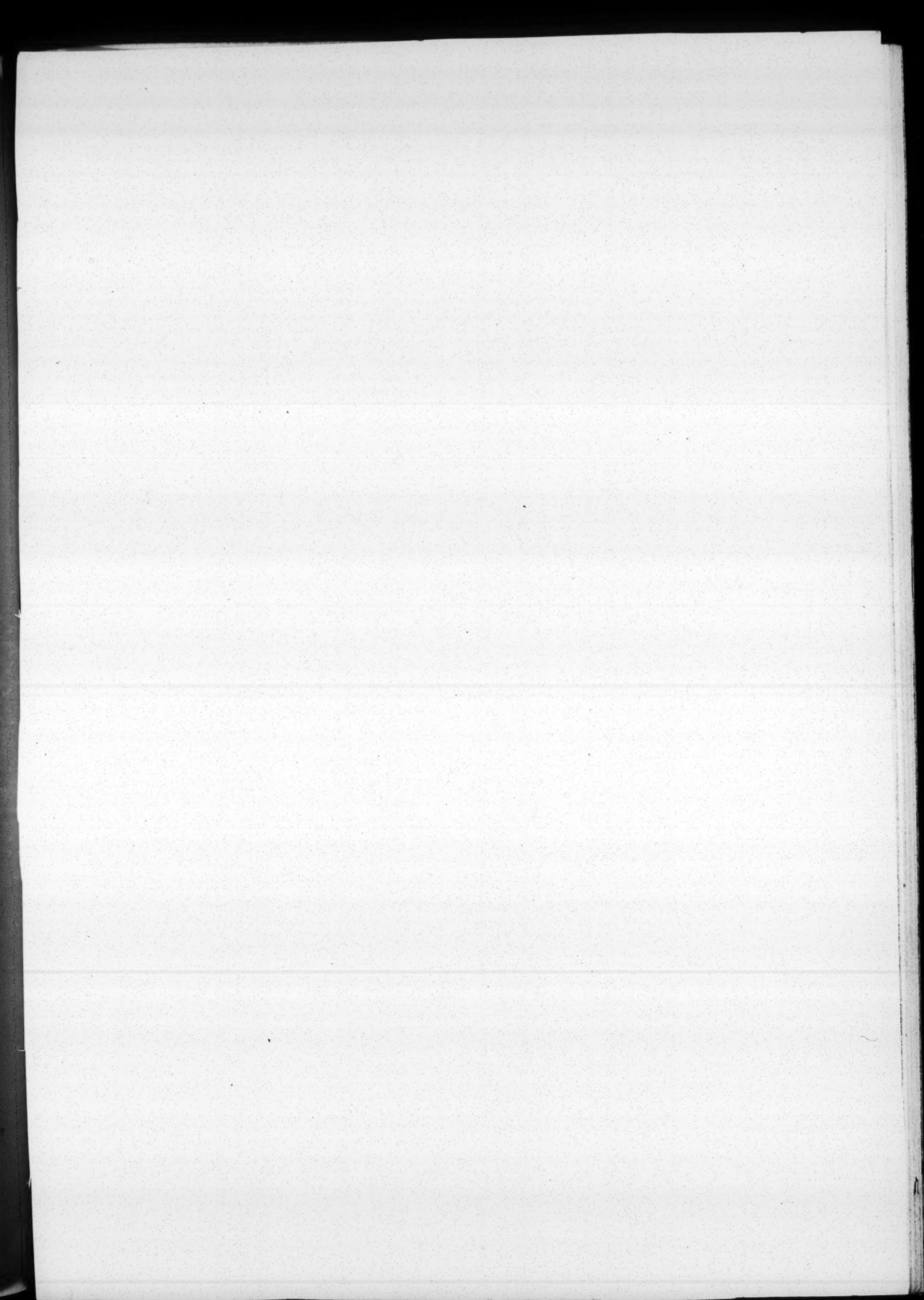
From Porchester Castle, the entrance of the harbour has an excellent appearance. Spithead, with the ships at anchor there, are conspicuous objects ;—the Isle of Wight the distance.—As it would be impossible, without swelling the work too much, to enter into a particular description of this place, with its immense piles of fortifications and buildings, we have only given the foregoing cursory sketch of it.

Having shipped our horses, we now embarked for the island which had been the primary object of our Tour.—Cowes was the place of our destination.—As we passed Monkton Fort, we could not help taking notice of the number of new works which were erecting, and which must greatly tend to the security of this important place.

We



We had scarcely passed the fort before the heavens frowned, and a violent storm threatened us; but instead of being apprehensive of the consequences, we awaited the expected combustion of the elements with a pleasing impatience, that we might observe the grand effect it must produce.—A hail-storm was the forerunner.—The sea, though so near the shore, rolled in with a heavy swell;—and the waves, casting their light foam on the surface of the ebbing tide, were caught by the rays of the setting sun, which darted through a cloud; while several transits of light from the same source tinged the flowing sails of the numerous barks, that, under different tacks, skimmed along the surrounding ocean. The wind at length abating, the swell also in some degree subsided; and we were again able to keep the deck. The remaining part of the evening proved clear and agreeable; but at the time the evening gun was fired at Portsmouth, we were still four miles distant from the harbour of Cowes. At this distance the shores appeared to be covered with every luxuriance the richest soil can boast.—The storm





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storm had been succeeded by a calm ; at length however a favourable breeze springing up, we reached Cowes Road about ten o'clock, after a tedious passage of seven hours.



## SECTION VII.

**B**EFORE we proceed to give a particular account of the places we visited on this island, and the picturesque scenes that presented themselves, a general, but concise, description of it may not prove unacceptable to our readers.

The Isle of Wight was a part of the territories anciently inhabited by the Belgæ, and was brought under subjection to the Romans during the reign of the emperor Claudian. By them it was called Vecta, or Vectis. It was afterwards conquered by Cerdic, king of the West Saxons, who peopled it with Jutes, a tribe that had accompanied the Saxons into England. Cadwallar, a succeeding king of the West Saxons, is said to have made himself master of it some time after, and to have massacred most of the inhabitants. Having undergone many other revolutions and invasions, it at length, together with the islands of Jersey and Guernsey, was erected into a kingdom by king Henry the

the Sixth, and bestowed on Henry de Beauchamp, duke of Warwick, whom he crowned the sovereign of it with his own hands ; but the duke dying without issue, these islands lost their royalty, and again reverted to the crown.

It is situated opposite to the coast of Hampshire, from which it is divided by a channel, varying in breadth from two to seven miles. It constitutes a part of the county of Southampton, and is within the diocese of Winchester. Its greatest length, extending from east to west, is more than twenty miles ; its breadth, from north to south, about thirteen ; and above seventy miles in circumference. The form of it is somewhat of an irregular oval. Newport, the capital town, which is seated nearly in the centre of the island, is upwards of eighty miles distant from London.

The air in general is healthy, and the soil fertile. The north part affords excellent pasturage and meadow grounds, while the south is a fine corn country. A great num-



ber of sheep are likewise fed upon a ridge of mountains running through the middle of the island. Their wool, which is remarkable for its fineness, is a valuable article of trade to the inhabitants. Among the natural productions of this island, is the milk-white tobacco-pipe clay, of which large quantities are exported, and likewise a fine white sand, of which drinking-glasses, &c. are made. A more particular account of these will be given when we speak of the places where they are found.

Such is the purity of the air, the fertility of the soil, and the beauty and variety of its landscapes, that it has been often stiled *The Garden of England*. Parties of pleasure are on that account frequently made to it; but these excursions are generally confined to Carisbrooke Castle, the Needles, and a few other places; while it abounds with delightful scenes which recommend it to the attention of the artist. Of the principal of these we shall endeavour in the subsequent pages to give our readers some idea.

The

The craggy cliffs and rocks by which this island is encircled, form a natural fortification, particularly on the south-side. Sandown fort defends the only part which is left by Nature open to the invasion of an enemy.

It is divided into two hundreds, separated by the river Medham or Medina, which gives name to them ; they being called, according to their situation with respect to that river, East and West Medina. These hundreds contain three market towns, fifty-two parishes, and about twenty thousand inhabitants.

The morning after we had landed at Cowes, was not less beautiful than the preceding evening had been interesting. The first object which attracted our attention on the island, was Cowes Castle. It is a small stone building, with a semicircular battery, situated on the west-side of the river Medina. Opposite to it on the east-side of the river was formerly another fort of the same kind ; and, when entire, they jointly protected the harbour ;



bour ; but the latter is now so totally demolished, that there is not the least vestige of it remaining. The castle at West Cowes was erected by Henry the Eighth ; it is a plain building, with a platform before it, on which are mounted a few cannon. The works have lately been repaired by order of his grace the duke of Richmond.

The best view of it is on the decline of the beach towards the bathing machines. Here the castle assumes another form, and shows the round tower with the distant battlement. A group of trees close the view in one point ;—the opening of the opposite shore, among the trees, is agreeable and striking.

The town of West Cowes stands on a rising ground, at the mouth of the river Medina. Its appearance, when near it, much resembles Gravesend water-side ; but the internal part is far more pleasant and commodious ;—the streets however are narrow, and the town upon the whole indifferently built.

Cowes

Cowes owes its origin and increase to its excellent harbour ; where ships are not only secure from storms, but so happily situated, as to be able to turn out either to the eastward or westward, every tide. It is well peopled, and enjoys a good trade for the sale of provisions, especially in time of war, when large fleets of merchant ships often ride here for several weeks, waiting either for a wind or convoy. The inhabitants are in general genteel and polite, without being troublesomely ceremonious. Many gentlemen belonging to the navy, have seats adjoining to this town, amongst which are those of captain Christian and captain Baskerville. Mr. White has one here, and another on the banks of the Medina, called Fairlee.

East Cowes, which lies on the opposite point of land, has very desirable beauties with regard to its appearance and situation, together with convenience for families, that is not exceeded at West Cowes ; but it has not the same advantages with respect to bathing.

The



The fare from Cowes to Portsmouth and Southampton, as well for passengers as for their horses, carriages, &c. is settled by the corporation of Newport ; by which means impositions, that might otherwise occur, are prevented.

The market is well supplied with fish from Torbay, and Southampton river ; the former has the superiority for turbot, the latter for soles. Upon the whole, the accommodations at Cowes are equal to those of any other watering place, and much more reasonable. The town is enlarging, and from its pleasant vicinities attracts every year an increase of company.

From Mr. Lynn's cottage, at the top of the hill, a very extensive view sweeps the distance. Cowes lies in a bird's eye view, with the full prospect of the vessels in its road, and the opposite woody point. The hills of Ports-down are very distinctly seen ; but from their remoteness, and the large body of water that lies between, we had not (except at times, when the ruffling wind caught in sudden

den patches on the water's surface) a sufficient interesting scene to describe, farther than as to its extensiveness.

The evening being clear, we set off for Newport. The road from Cowes to that place is equal in goodness to any in England. A hedged row hemmed us in on both sides, and prevented us from enjoying the prospects that surrounded us. A house at the extremity of Cowes, received its name of Birmingham, as the neighbours report, from the possessor of it paying his men with counterfeit half-pence.

On the road lies the village of Northwood, and to the left of it is Midham, the seat of Mr. Green.

The Forest of Alvington, King's Forest, or Parkhurst, by which names it is severally called, opens very picturesquely;—a bold range of hills, with St. Catherine for its crown, binds the distance. The lines of the hills are charmingly irregular, and blend into each other's sweeps.



On the left hand, the curve of the river takes an opening, and shines with reflections of the neighbouring shores. To the right, the grandeur of the hills gradually diminishes, and they are at length obscured by the promontories of the forest.

The general hospital of the island stands adjoining to the road, about half a mile before you reach Newport, where those who unfortunately are obliged to court the umbrage of its charitable walls, are treated with great humanity and attention.

The entrance to Newport is such as we generally find when a river meanders near it. A bridge is the principal object ; but this is too contemptible in its appearance for a picture. Its usual companion, the busy mill, lies on the right hand of it. At St. Cross, on the left, is the seat of Mr. Kirkpatrick.

The town of Newport is perhaps the pleasanter in this part of the kingdom. The houses are plain and neat ; the streets uniform ; and, except at the west end, all regularly

larly paved. The church is also a conspicuous and leading feature to its neatness ; but it is somewhat remarkable, that though belonging to so populous a place, it is only a chapel of ease annexed to the little village of Carisbrook.

Here are two assembly rooms, and a neat theatre, lately erected ; together with a free grammar school which was built by public subscription ; the school-room is fifty feet long, with convenient accommodations for the master.

Two markets are held here every week, in which great quantities of all sorts of grain and provisions are disposed of, not only for the use of the inhabitants, but for supplying the outward bound ships, many of which, as before observed, touch at Cowes. When I mention the market, I must not forget to notice also the farmers' daughters who resort to it with the produce of their farms, and at once grace it with the charms of their persons, and the winning affability of their behaviour. There is not perhaps in the



kingdom a place where so many lovely girls attend the market as at Newport ; and, at the same time they are dressed with a degree of elegance far beyond what is usually observable in persons of their rank. You see them, with health and sprightliness in their looks, lightly dismount from their foresters, and conveying their baskets, each to her chair, tender their butter, eggs, and fowls to sale, with a graceful ease and complaisance, without making use of those arts that are generally practised to procure customers, or ever abating of the price they ask. On the two principal market days held here, viz. at Whitsuntide and Michaelmas, it is not uncommon to see thirty or forty of them all dressed in so genteel a style, and behaving with so much unaffected complaisance and dignity, that a stranger might be easily led to take them for persons of quality *en masquerade*. The appearance of these charming girls not only excited our wonder and admiration, but we found that they attracted the envy of all the farmers' daughters on the neighbouring coasts. The market house is in the middle of the town ; and they

they have also a new market appropriated to the sale of corn.

The town of Newport is situated so nearly in the centre of the island, (the exact central spot lying not a mile to the southward of it,) that it is thereby rendered alike convenient to the inhabitants of every part. We could not acquire a minute account of the number of persons of both sexes resident in it, but the houses are supposed to amount to near six hundred;—they are chiefly constructed of brick, and in general are not lofty.

Newport was incorporated by James the First, and is governed by a mayor, recorder, and twelve aldermen; who, I might say without flattery, are much more deserving the title of *gentlemen*, than some who have passed under our inspection since the commencement of our Tour.

Few places afford better accommodations for genteel people, who may visit this island, either on parties of pleasure, or for the benefit



benefit of their health, than Newport. The desire of giving satisfaction seems to be the predominant feature of those who keep the principal inns; and by their civility and conveniencies, they have of late years attracted much company.

SECTION

## SECTION VIII.

AS we purposed keeping the coast from Newtown, we crossed the country to that place. In our way we entered the forest of Alvington, and pursuing a tract (high road there was none) that inclined to the north-west, at length struck into a stony lane, where we had an excellent view of Carisbrook hills; whose mountainous appearance was relieved by a woody valley, that gently sloping from the forest brow, gradually dwindled into the dale.

Still pursuing our course through the stony lane, we passed a copse of oaks, where the mountains just mentioned received every flash of grandeur the solar rays could produce. The sea, on the right, now opened gradually, and afforded us transitory views of the mouth of Southampton river, of Lutterel's Folly, the entrance of Beaulieu river, St. Leonard's, and likewise of Lymington creek.

As



As we ascended these northern eminences, we had a view sufficiently extensive to perceive that a range of hills, or rather mountains, runs through the centre of the island. I think I may with some degree of exactness fix their commencement at Carisbrook Castle, as a valley opens between them, that takes a direct course from the most northern extremity, Cowes, to the foot of St. Catherine's.

These mountains sweep to the south-west, and terminate their range a little beyond Calborne. Here another dale separates them from Afton downs, and the Yarmouth hills, which decline rather more to the westward. Freshwater-gate and Allum-bay may be clearly discerned throughout the whole way, after you have passed the forest.

Alvington forest is almost entirely void of what generally gives the denomination of a forest to a tract of land; except a few pollard oaks, no trees of any consequence are to be seen upon it, till you skirt its borders; there indeed the oak luxuriantly intermixes with the ash and elm,

At

At the entrance of Newtown we met with one of those subjects so often touched by the pencil of Mr. Gainsborough; a cottage overshadowed with trees; while a glimmering light, just breaking through the branches, caught one corner of the stone and flint fabric, and forcibly expressed the conception of that great master. A few faggots, with a cart under a shed, formed the shadow part of the fore-ground; and the New Forest, rearing its leafy tenants above the proudly swelling waves, closed the distance.

From its name, we expected to have found Newtown, a town, or at least a large village; but were quite astonished when we saw that it consisted only of six or seven houses. Many circumstances, however, tend to support the conjecture, that it was once a place of much greater consideration. In the reign of king Richard the Second, it was burnt by the French, and soon after rebuilt.

Newtown-bay, or as it is sometimes named, Shalfleet-lake, makes its entrance about



half a mile below the houses ; but its opening wants the general accompaniments, wood and rock, to render it grand.—The banks are insipid, being devoid even of sufficient boldness.—The point meanly shrinks into the sea, without a shrub to court its stony flatness. From the frequent breaks that open through the wood, Hampshire was perfectly picturesque ;—the sea, as a body, added fresh glows to the colouring, and pleasingly varied the landscape.

The corporation of Newtown, (for small as it is, this place has to boast a corporation, consisting of a mayor and twelve burgessees, and sends two members to parliament,) annually meet at the town-hall in order to chuse the magistrates for the year ensuing. The mansion in which this meeting is held has more to boast from its situation, than from its elegance as a building. The only things in it worthy of note for their antiquity are the mayoralty chair and table. The building is of stone, and contains three rooms, with a cellar and kitchen underneath. A flight of steps lead to the council-chamber, or hall.

Shalfleet-

Shalfleet-lake falls in agreeably at the foot of the hill ; while the village and wood rise to the left, with the downs of Brixton in its distance. Saltern, and Hamsted-point, relieve the Fresh-water cliffs, and bind its land view to the eastward.—Here those who travel for pleasure should pursue the woody tract to the village of Shalfleet, where they will find at every avenue fresh beauties mantling to the view. A body of water is preserved by dams at the foot of the town, where a mill, entangled in the branches of its woody sides, is an agreeable object for the fore-ground.

On the side of a hill, well covered with trees, stands the town of Shalfleet. Little to excite curiosity is to be seen here except the church, which from some antiquity about it, appears to have been in the Gothic stile ; but, like many of the churches in this island, it has been robbed of its antique windows, which gave an air of grandeur and solemnity to it, and *beautified* (as they term it) with modern casements. We have before censured this mode of beautification, and by



this fresh instance are prompted to remark, that all those who view with pleasure the relics of Saxon and Gothic architecture still extant, must behold with disgust the awkward attempts of these good people to correct what Time has brought to that state of perfection most pleasing to the eye of a person of true taste.

Nothing further worthy of attention detaining us, we again made for the Yarmouth road ; which having crossed, and left to the right, we bent our course towards Hamsted-woods. The gates we had to pass, as the roads chiefly lie through the farmers' grounds, were almost innumerable ; and the soil principally consisting of clay and marle, in some places the roads were extremely bad. The land, however, is very productive, and is cultivated to the road's side.

The principal part of the land about Newtown, and extending to the spot we were travelling through, is the estate, as we were informed, of sir Richard Worley. It is not deficient towards the north-west in woody  
scenes,

scenes, but these are too thinly scattered to furnish a proper subject for a painter. The elms range too regularly to please, and the clumps are too formal to combine. Nor is the stiff appearance of the near hedge-rows, which encircle the corn fields, by any means grateful to the sight; on the contrary, so closely placed, they are highly disgusting. When it is possible to bring them properly into the focus of the eye, on the decline of a hill, or on a gentle rise, where they may blend into each other, then indeed they give peculiar pleasure.

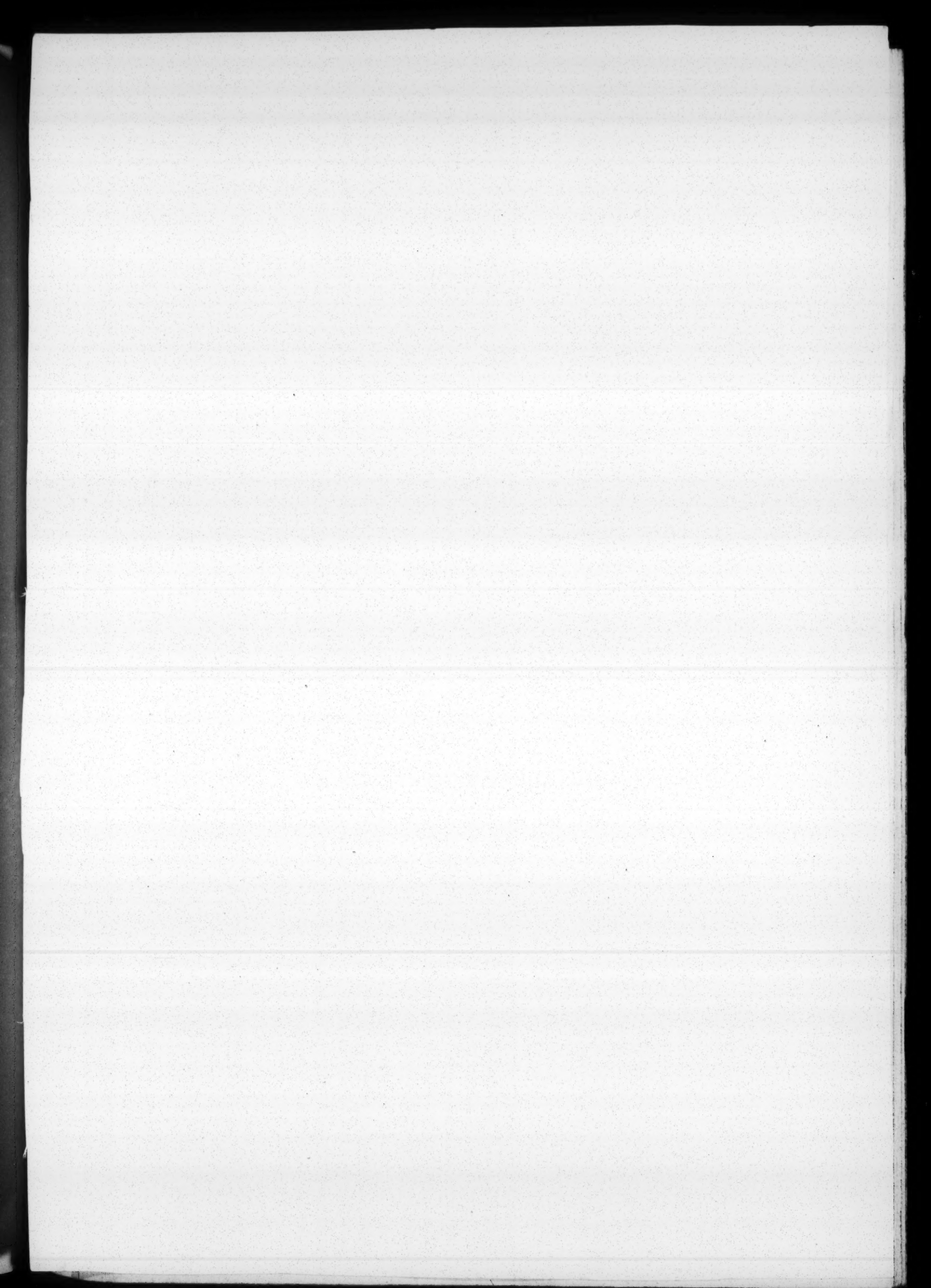
From Hamsted we had the opposite view of Newtown; but so encompassed with trees, that little of the buildings were to be discerned. We had however a perfect view of Gurnet Point to the north-east; and of the town of Yarmouth, as well as of Hurst Castle opposite to it, on the south-west; while Lymington to the north-west perfected the picture.

From Hamsted we once more returned to the Yarmouth road, and entered it at Lin-  
wood

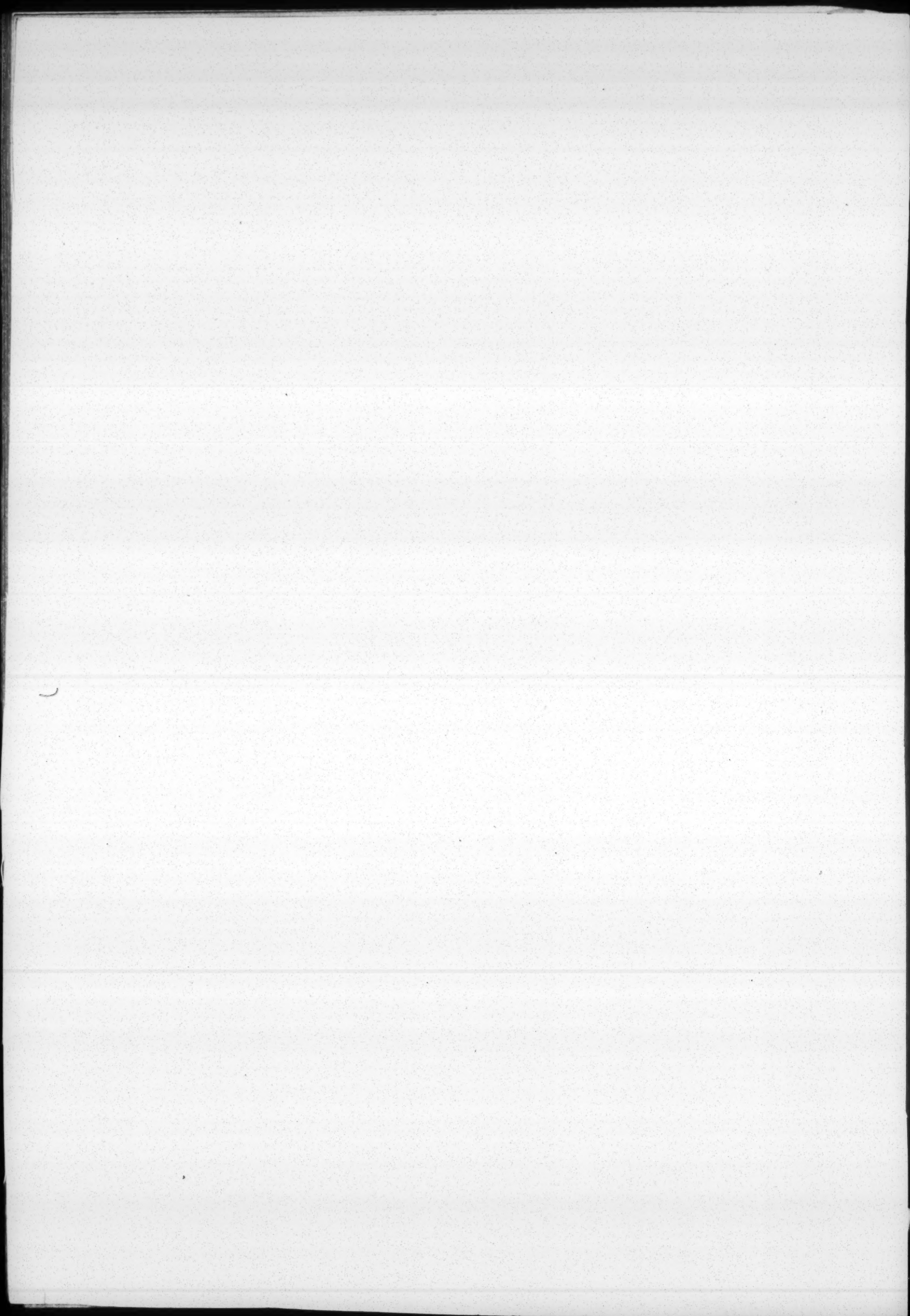


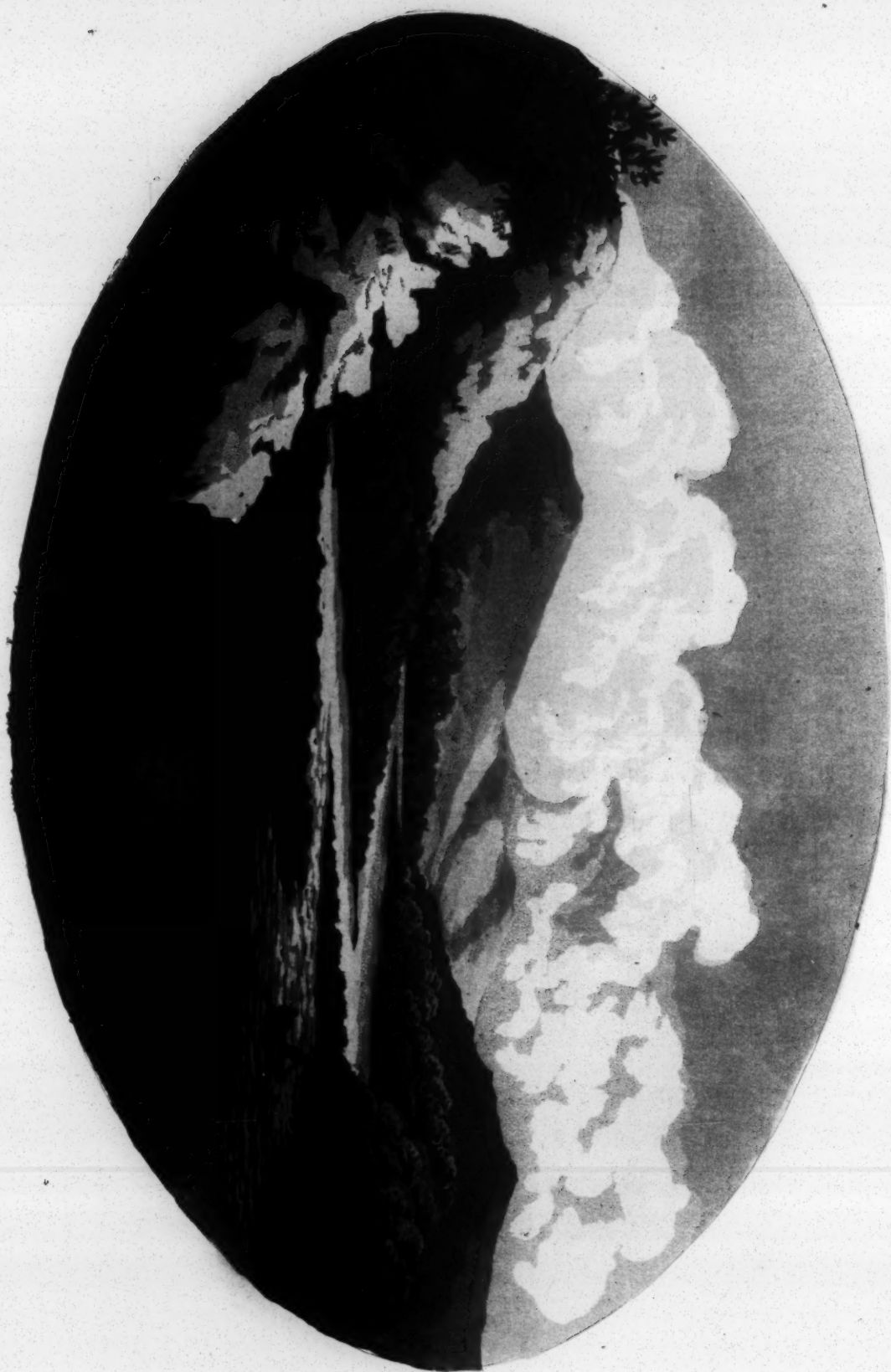
wood Green. Mr. Barrington's seat to the left, with its surrounding woods, are in fine order; and gracefully fill the left-hand scene.—At the entrance of the common we obtained the noblest view the island had as yet presented us. Had not the sea towards the Isle of Portland caused so large an opening, it had every appearance of a Westmoreland scene. The hills rose with all the majesty of the Skiddow mountains; the valley produced a lake, with a lonely copse to ease its winding shores; while the downs of Afton falling to the more stately sweep of Freshwater cliffs, close their boldness behind Freshwater church. Nor were the Carisbrook hills less distinguishable; their irregular pile bringing in a proportion to the effect.

The valley was crowded with its usual inhabitants, various kinds of cattle, and launched into every extreme the voluptuous hand of Nature could bestow; the foliage of the fore-ground harmoniously displayed its glowing verdure, and enchanted the sight. Every hill brought its foot to the dale, and formed a fresh avenue for the winding stream.—The  
spire













spire of Freshwater, darting forth from its vernal attendants, caught the roving eye, and gave additional charms to the distance. Nature here seemed yet to be in embryo, and scarcely to have begun, what, in a few years, will excite in the mind of every sentimental beholder the highest pleasure and admiration. The scene behind it was not equally inviting: the point of land between Yarmouth town and Hamsted head broke up in the middle of it, and separated the mountains from the shores of the sea. Here Southampton water just crept in between the distances, and brought its woody range to the surface of the river. Yarmouth, which lay before us, did not appear so interesting as it ought to have done, from its lying quite flat in the point of view from which we saw it.

When we entered the town, we were not a little disappointed, but it was an agreeable disappointment. From its appearance at a distance, we expected to have seen a contemptible place; but, on the contrary, we found the buildings in general neat and clean, though rather low. They were mostly  
of



of stone, or whitewashed. If Yarmouth was paved, it would be little inferior to Newport in neatness.

Having often heard of Yarmouth castle, we went to see it; but how unlike a fortress! Scarcely any thing of strength appeared about it, and as little worthy of observation. The view from it was the only satisfaction we obtained by our visit, and that was far inferior to many scenes we had passed before.

The conveniencies of Yarmouth are very great, both to its own inhabitants, and to those of the opposite shores. A passage-boat passes to and from Lymington every day, with accommodations both for passengers and horses. And the passage from one shore to the other being but from five to six miles across, it is thereby rendered reciprocally convenient to those who reside on the western parts of the island, and to the inhabitants of the lower parts of Hampshire and Dorsetshire.

The shores abound with a great variety of shells, which are not found in such quantities  
at

at any other part of the island. The fish on this coast are chiefly soles and other flat fish; and they are caught in such plenty, that they contribute greatly towards the support of the poor.

The borough of Yarmouth sends two members to parliament, and ranks as the third town in the island. It is likewise a corporate town, to which consequence it was raised by king James the First. The charter directs, that when a mayor is to be elected, the inquest by whom he is to be chosen, consisting of ten common-councilmen and two commoners, shall be shut up in the town hall, without provisions, &c. till nine out of the twelve agree in the choice.

Its distance from Newport is ten miles; but the road for pleasurable travelling is the worst in the island. There are not less than fifty-two gates to be passed between the two places, which greatly adds to the irksomeness of it.

The river Yar presents a beautiful en-  
 VOL. I. U trance



trance, and takes a double course. The branch to the south-east passes the valley before described, and saunters up to Tapnell; a village situated at the bottom of Afton downs. The other branch forms a more considerable body, and seen from Freshwater, appears as a lake, the hills meeting, and the shores projecting, so as to prevent the eye from perceiving its communication with the sea.

The opposite shores of Norton, which form the entrance of the river, are pleasingly diversified with broken grounds and groups of trees; and likewise with interposing cottage roofs that break the too regular clumps. It is navigable to the mills of Freshwater, where the bridge preserves a sufficient body to add grandeur to the landscape, and allow scope for the pencil.

## SECTION

## SECTION IX.

HAVING refreshed our horses, we set out the same evening for Freshwater Gate, taking the road that had brought us to Yarmouth from Linwood Green. We then struck into the first right-hand road, leading to the bridge that crosses the south-east course of the river.

Here the bridge became an object. From the hills adjoining to Yarmouth it is viewed to some advantage, but here it redoubled its harmony with the valley.—The sun was warm and declining.—The ivy that had helped to deface its sides, now brightened its appearance, and gave, as an atonement for its ravages, its friendly aid to bind the building, and variegate its general tints.—Nor did the hills in the distance diminish the splendor of the scene: a wood swept on the other side of the bridge from hill to hill, and formed a perfect amphitheatre.

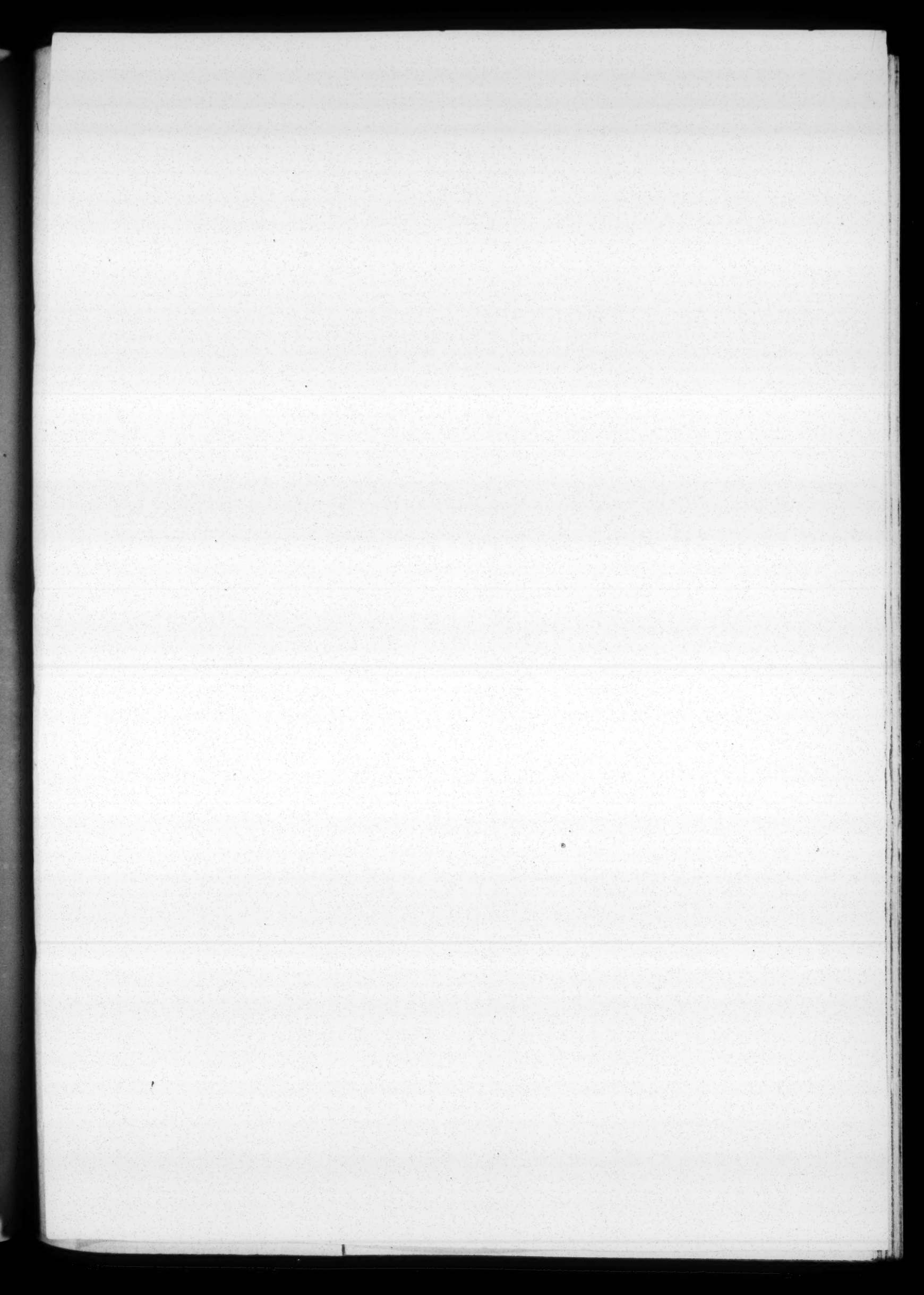
The colouring was superb and rich; a  
U 2 glow



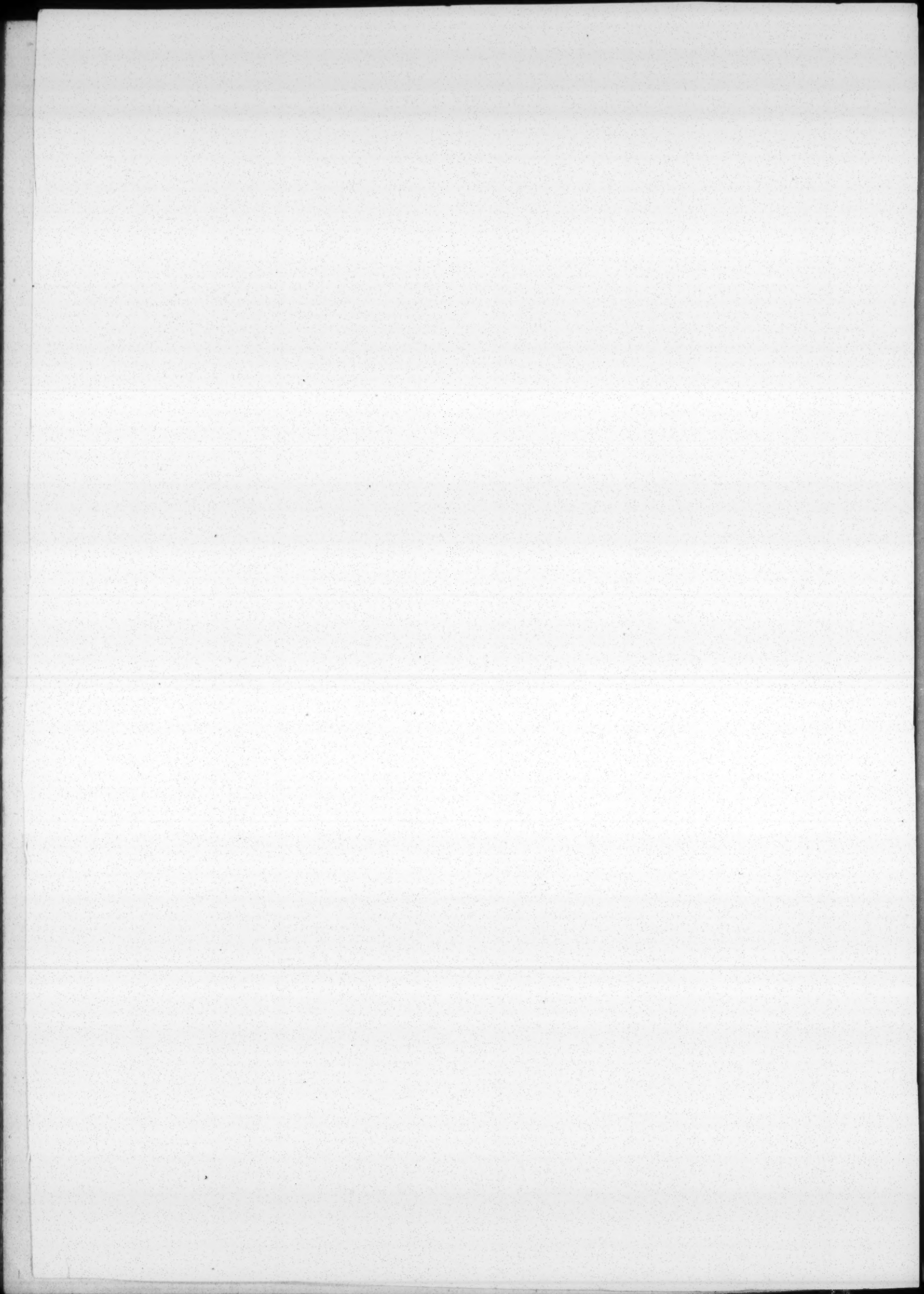
glow of purple stained the distance, while the faint rays of the sun just caught the bridge, and glided along the tops of the wood. The side-screens lay, one in a half tint, the opposite one entirely in shadow; the whole blending so uniformly, that it had the most pleasing effect we had seen in any view during our whole route.

At the declension of the sun, especially in the month of September, the grandest effects of light and shade are observable. The movement of these rapturous transits of Nature are instantaneous; and if not closely observed, fly before the eye is half gratified. The colouring at this time is always chaste; and the length of the shadows from the mountains, in general confine the light to a principal object; which, if it does not as quickly strike the imagination as its motion is hasty, every beauty must inevitably be lost.

I am convinced that the remnants of light in an evening are much finer when the sun returns to the south, than when in the spring  
it













it approaches the northern hemisphere. Nor does it lose any of its lustre by setting where the ocean constitutes the horizon. In general its lights are clearer, and diffuse a greater variety of colours to the land; while the water babbling up in gentle waves, catches its rays, and gives us the very soul and spirit of *Claude's* master pieces.

The evening drawing on, we hastened towards the intended spot. Thorly surprized us when we entered it. From the maps of the island we had been led to expect that this parish contained a considerable village; but a few houses only presented themselves, and those surrounded by woods. *Wilmington* is a pleasant spot, but nothing further.

From Afton we had a fresh view of the scene we had had from the entrance of *Yarmouth*. The cliff of *Freshwater Gate* rose with majestic grandeur, but from its chalky corner abruptly obtruded itself. The lines of *Afton downs* ranged beautifully; while the nobler ascent of the downs of *Freshwater* doubled their splendor; a gleam of  
light



light stole over the hills, and presented the woody vale with force and bloom. The furzy scrub that straggled on the surface of the mountains, was a great helpmate to soften their sides. The last, but not the least addition to this view is the village on the opposite side of the water, whose reflections gave every different hue to heighten the study. We much regretted the want of a fore-ground, as nothing but a patch of ripe corn continually encountered the sight. Nor could we help wishing for a few of those scenes that presented themselves in the New Forest; some of its noble oaks would have fully completed the grandeur of the scene before us.

We now ascended Afton down; and for the first time had an uninterrupted view of the sea. The prospect was fine;—the evening was serene;—and the billows, as if forgetful of their usual boisterousness, seemed to be lulled to a state of tranquillity by the warblings of the feathered songsters in the neighbouring groves, whose little throats poured forth, in most melodious notes, their  
grateful

grateful transports to the Great Giver of their daily food.—To add solemnity to the scene, the fluttering sails of the surrounding vessels lay motionless ; nor admitted even the gentlest breath of the zephyrs that wantoned about them.

On the right lay the spot called Freshwater Gate, which, we were informed, derives its name from its being placed there to prevent the water of an adjacent spring from uniting with the sea. This derivation, however, does not seem to be very well grounded.

A cottage is the only habitation to be found here, but that cottage, which is kept by a publican, affords every accommodation a traveller can wish for ; and frequent parties of pleasure are made to it.

The cliffs that form Freshwater-bay are very high, and when you look down from them, you find a degree of terror excited in the mind. Many parts of them, unable to withstand the constant ravages of the sea, have

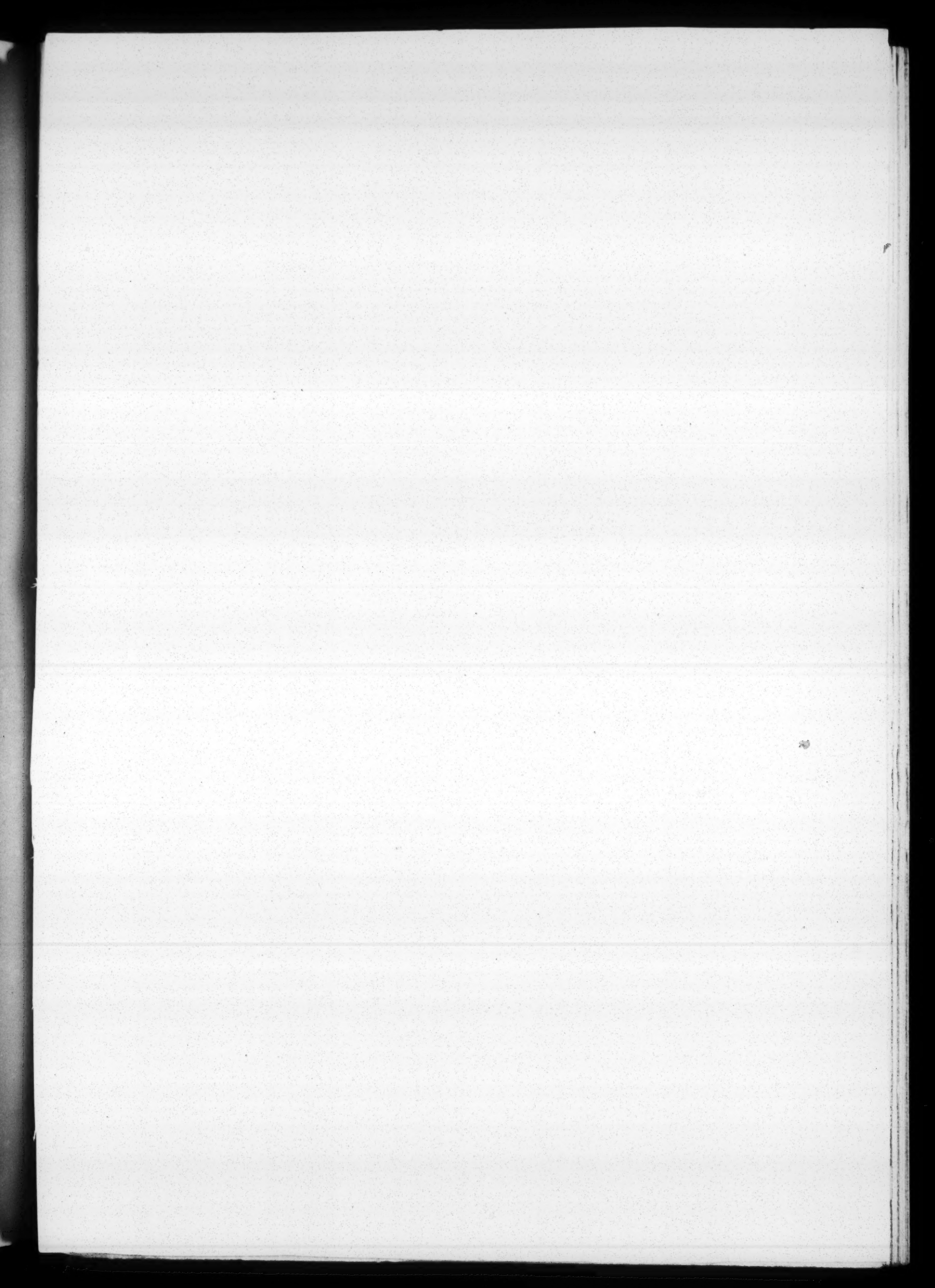


have been washed down. On the left hand of the bay, two large masses of the cliffs have been torn from the sides, and have fallen perpendicularly into the water. In the bottom of one of these fragments there is a large chasm, forming a perfect arch; the other appears to be still unhurt by the depredations of the spray.

From this spot St. Catherine's appears the most southern boundary of the island; and owing to the chalky cliffs which are about half way up its side on a platform of green, is frequently taken for some ancient castle. The shore towards it is rocky, and the cliffs exceedingly steep, with small tufts of grass growing on their sides.

But when we viewed the cave of Freshwater, we were lost in wonder at the direful effects of the raging foam. These cliffs measure, from the surface of the sea at low water to their top, near six hundred feet. The cave is a natural cavity in the bottom of the rocks, forming two arches. Those who visit it can only enter at low water.

The













The insides of the arches are overgrown with moss and weeds, and serve as a fine contrast to the sea and cliffs. Several pieces of rock, which have fallen from the ascents, block up the passage into the cave, at half tide. Among these, one in particular, much larger than the rest, rises some feet above high-water mark; the form of which I have particularly sketched, and it accompanies the annexed view of this romantic spot.

Stakes are fastened to the rocks, and others are placed on the shore, to which cords are fixed, that passing from stem to stern of the boats belonging to the place, prevent them from being beaten to pieces by the surf, or carried to sea when the wind blows hard. The bottom is a fine sand; and from the healthy situation of the spot, would be an excellent place to establish a bathing machine; but there being no houses near, a considerable objection may arise from that circumstance.

On this shore the naturalist will find numerous attractions for his scientific researches. A variety of fossils are impregnated

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with



with the rocky substance of the cliffs, together with native spars ;—copperas stones are frequently thrown by the tide on the beach ; —and pieces of iron ore, in its primitive state, are sometimes strewed along the shore. Veins of rocks, shooting from the cliffs, run to a length that cannot be ascertained, into the sea. At a distance they appear like water-pipes ; and on examination are found to consist in the middle of a vein of black rock, covered with an incrustation of iron. The shape of these veins is singular, but very regular, and pointed ; they dart into the sea among the other rocks which form the entrance of the cave.

Several cavities appeared to be in the rocks as we viewed them towards the Needles, but none of them led to a subterraneous passage of any length. There are three or four at the bottom of the range called Main-Bench, but none equal to Freshwater-Cave.

Having made all the observations we could on this bay, and the night creeping on apace, we retired to the village ; but not with any  
very

very sanguine hopes of meeting with agreeable accommodations. We, however, found such as all those who are in pursuit of the beauties of Nature, and can feast on the delightful scenes she presents, will readily put up with. To such, a savoury rasher, a slice of brown bread, with a draught of home-brewed beer, is a feast;—the humble pallet, a bed of down.

Wishing to view a sun-rise on these hills, we rose by break of day; but so different are the morning and evening scenes of the island from those on the opposite shores, that it is scarcely to be credited, unless you narrowly watch every operation of Nature. We expected to have seen the sun burst from behind the eastern hills, and immediately scatter the dewy substances that fall in great profusion here; but instead of viewing his rays contending only with the morning vapours, as the day broke, a thick condensed cloud reared itself from the south-east, and continued to increase in its size, till it enveloped all the hills in a gloomy shade. Shortly after, a glimmering ray of light skirted



the horizon, and diffused its beams to every point, but that in so weak and faint a manner as was far from pleasing. From its earliest approach, at the dawning of the day, we had entertained hopes of seeing the sun gild the tops of the mountains with all its brilliance, and break with grandeur on the neighbouring copse; but in this we were disappointed. We were informed by the farmers resident here, that they scarcely ever knew the day break in this manner, with clouds accompanying the opening dawn, but that the ensuing day proved very hot. For once, however, they were mistaken: during this day the rain frequently descended on our heads in torrents.

Allum Bay was our route on the succeeding day; where our expectations were not in the least degree disappointed. In our way to it, several confined views, at the foot of the mountains, had much the same appearance as the Cumberland and Westmorland hills give to a picture—a stone-sided cottage, with one-half of the roof slated, the  
other

other covered with a mossy thatch, surrounded by pleasing clumps of trees and projections of rocks from the overgrown ferny heath ;—while a shattered gate bounds some nearly-ruined stony wall, that incloses a flock of sheep, and confines them upon the rugged steep.

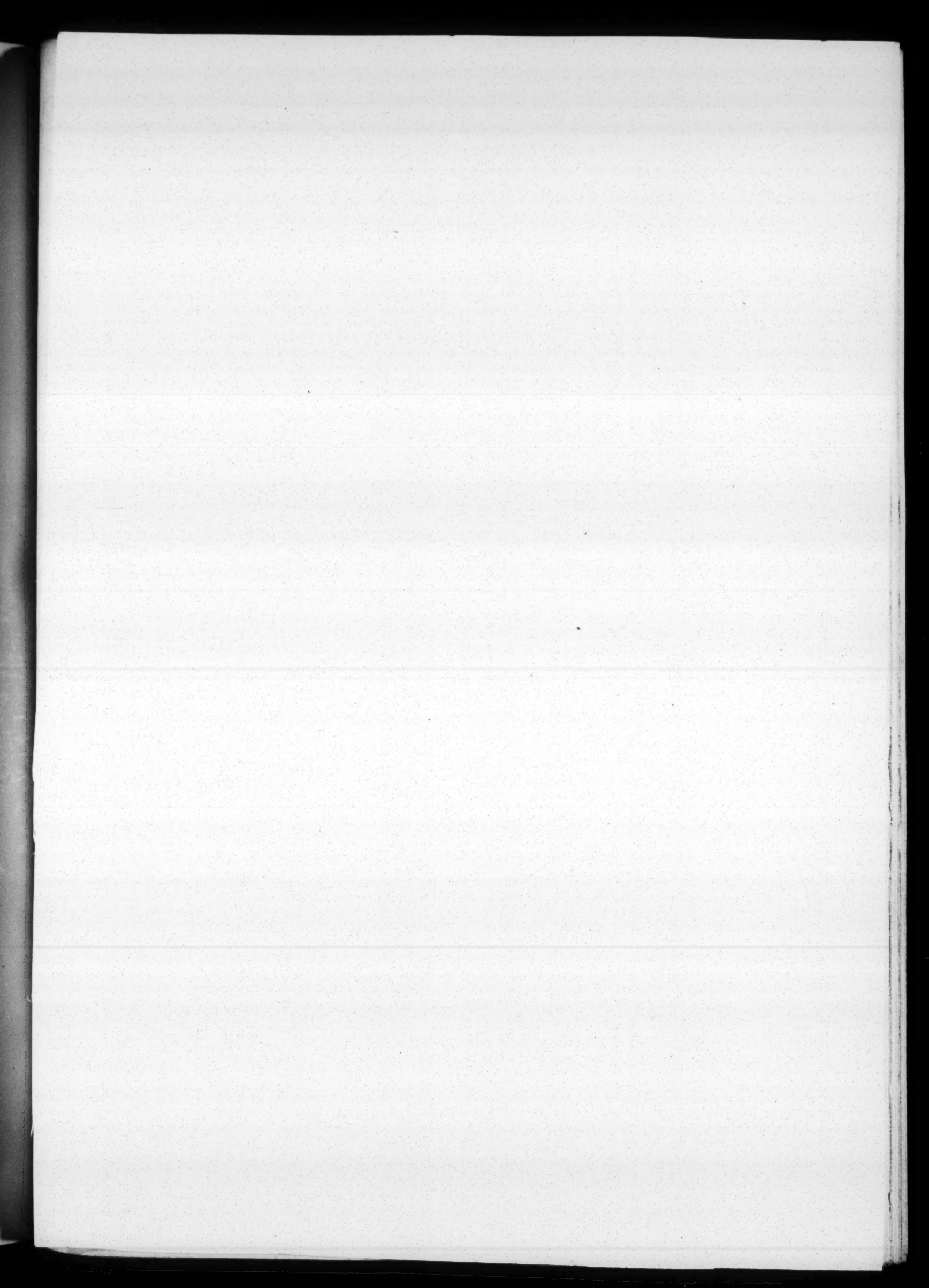
Scenes of this kind frequently skirted the road's side till we reached the summit of the path that led to the warren. Here a new scene rushed upon us, as pleasing as it was picturesque. The declivities of the valley was a fine specimen of broken ground ;—the burrows of the little inhabitants of the warren added relief to the rocks and verdure that adorned its sides ;—and a mixture of gravel and marle, with here and there masses of white sand, contributed to the perfection that was visible to every discriminating eye ;—while the Needles terminated the first sight, the Isle of Portland composed the greatest distance.

As we descended the road, a horse, tied to a bush, obstructed our progress. Sup-  
posing

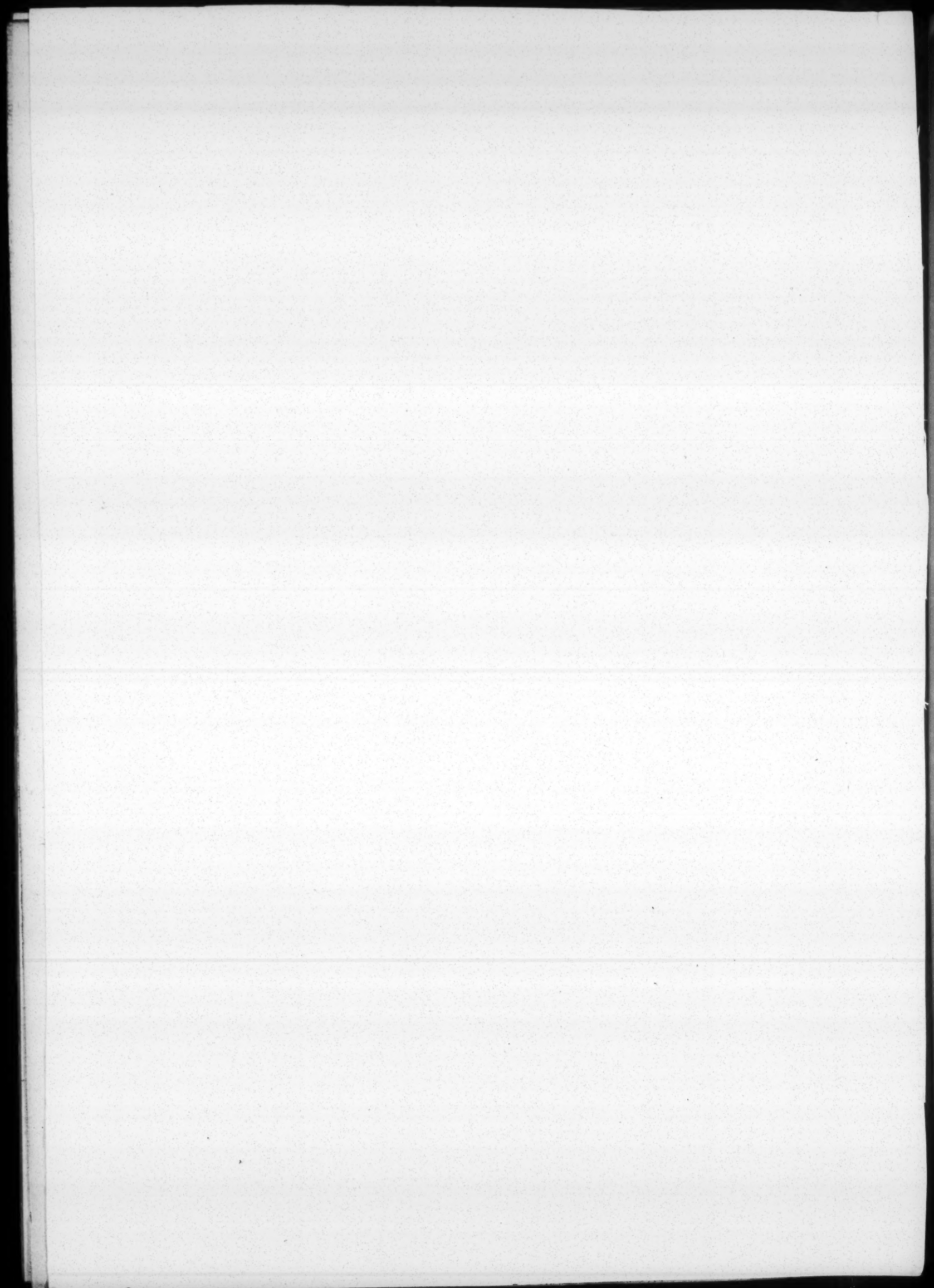


posing it to belong to some visitor, like ourselves, of these picturesque scenes, who, finding the hill too steep, and the road too rugged, to ride down with safety, had dismounted and walked down, we followed the example he had set us :—but what was our surprise when, coming up with the owner of the horse, we recognized him to be my worthy friend, Mr. La Porte, a very ingenious artist !

Before our arrival, this gentleman had ransacked the spot ; and did not hesitate to pronounce the sight equal to any he had ever seen, either in or out of the island we were upon. As from the nature of our plan, our specimens of this place must fall very short of the numberless beauties it exhibits, for a more extensive representation of them we will beg leave to refer our readers to the works of the before-mentioned artist ; from whose chaste and correct pencil every beauty, justly and pleasingly delineated, may be expected ; and, from his rapturous exclamations when on the spot, we are not without hopes that the  
next













next exhibition at the Royal Academy will be graced with them.

The mountainous cliffs that form Allum Bay, are terrific in the extreme ; a huge angle of rock, shelving over your head, is the constant accompaniment of the heights ; and many of them are near seven hundred feet from the surface of the sea at low water.

In these rocks the progressive operations of nature in their formation are easily discernible.—We found them to be composed of a regular gradation of substances, from a watery clay to a perfect and substantial petrefaction. The winter blasts, and incessant ravages of the sea, frequently hurl large tufts of earth from the stupendous heights to the strand beneath ; and these, lying there immovable, gather from the undulations of the waves small shells, fossils, and pieces of flint ; till, hardened by time and the petrifying quality of the water, they become at length a perfect substance.

We



We broke several large clumps, which had undergone this transmutation, and found that they had attracted every marine production. In their primary state they appeared to have been chiefly clay, without any durability. Their second state was, when the water had thrown its floating weeds round their sides, and had just begun to attract the fossil particles and pieces of broken shells, which, entangling in the moss and segments, there remained, and contributed to their growing strength. In their third progression we found, that flint and spar had forced their way into their centre, and cemented the earth together, till, in the course of time, the water had petrified, and clothed them with copperas stones and iron ore for their outward coat. Their fourth and last stage was, where, the waves having washed them every tide, they plainly exhibited, on their outward appearance, all the foregoing substances entirely converted to hard solid rock. The minuteness with which we examined these stones left us not the least room to doubt but that salt water is possessed

feſſed of the power to petrify, in a ſeries of time, the ſoſteſt and moſt diſſoluble aſſemblage of earths.

The fine white ſand before mentioned is found here, about a hundred feet above the ſurface of the beach, of a peculiar quality. The ſtratum lies between two others of clay. This ſand is the only ſort that is to be found in theſe kingdoms fit for making white glaſs ; it is likewise uſed at Worceſter for manufacturing china; nor will any other do for theſe uſes. The miners employed in digging it informed us, that this vein, from repeated examinations, has been found to run entirely through, from the extremity of the point oppoſite to Yarmouth to the downs of Aſton. It belongs to Mr. Urry, of Yarmouth, and the profit ariſing from it is very conſiderable. As often as the weather will permit, veſſels lie in Allum Bay to load with it.—Here likewise is dug the tobacco pipe clay before ſpoken of.

The compositions of the ſoil which form theſe ſtupendous heights are of the greateſt

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variety



variety we ever met with.—The bottom is a hard mixture of flint and chalk, whose durability is able to encounter any attacks but the ocean's fury. The next vein is a black softish mud, or watery clay, over which is an ochre of a bright cast. Here the sand-pits take their rise, whose stratum, measuring ten feet in depth, is situated on the hard plain floor of ochre before mentioned, having above it another vein of much the same quality. Over these we observed a variety of coloured clays and earths, some of which were of a perfect pink and green hue, with the interposition of chalk, flint, and mould, without distinction. In short, I scarcely think that any part of the kingdom produces, in so small a compass, such a mixture of soils.

The workmen are seldom able to continue working at the sand-pits longer than the month of October; sometimes not so long. In the winter, the sea, agitated by the violent south-west winds, which then generally blow, breaks into the pits, and,  
under-

undermining the other heights, brings down the whole force of the mountain. When these crashes happen, they may be distinctly heard at the village of Freshwater, though two miles distant.

This sufficiently accounts for the great quantities of rock that bind the shores. When they fall to the water's edge, every tide, as before observed, adds permanency to their substance. A little nearer to the chalky fides of Freshwater downs we still found greater cavities in the earth. The quantity of rain that in this part sweeps along the downs, here finds a vent. The day being rainy and boisterous, we enjoyed peculiar satisfaction from viewing the ravages incessantly committed by it.—A bold stream issued from the top of the rocks, which joined several smaller ones about a quarter of the way down; where, violently bursting on the large clumps of iron ore from which the earth had been washed, they gave grandeur and beauty to the scene. When the torrents caused by the rain are very violent, they carry all before



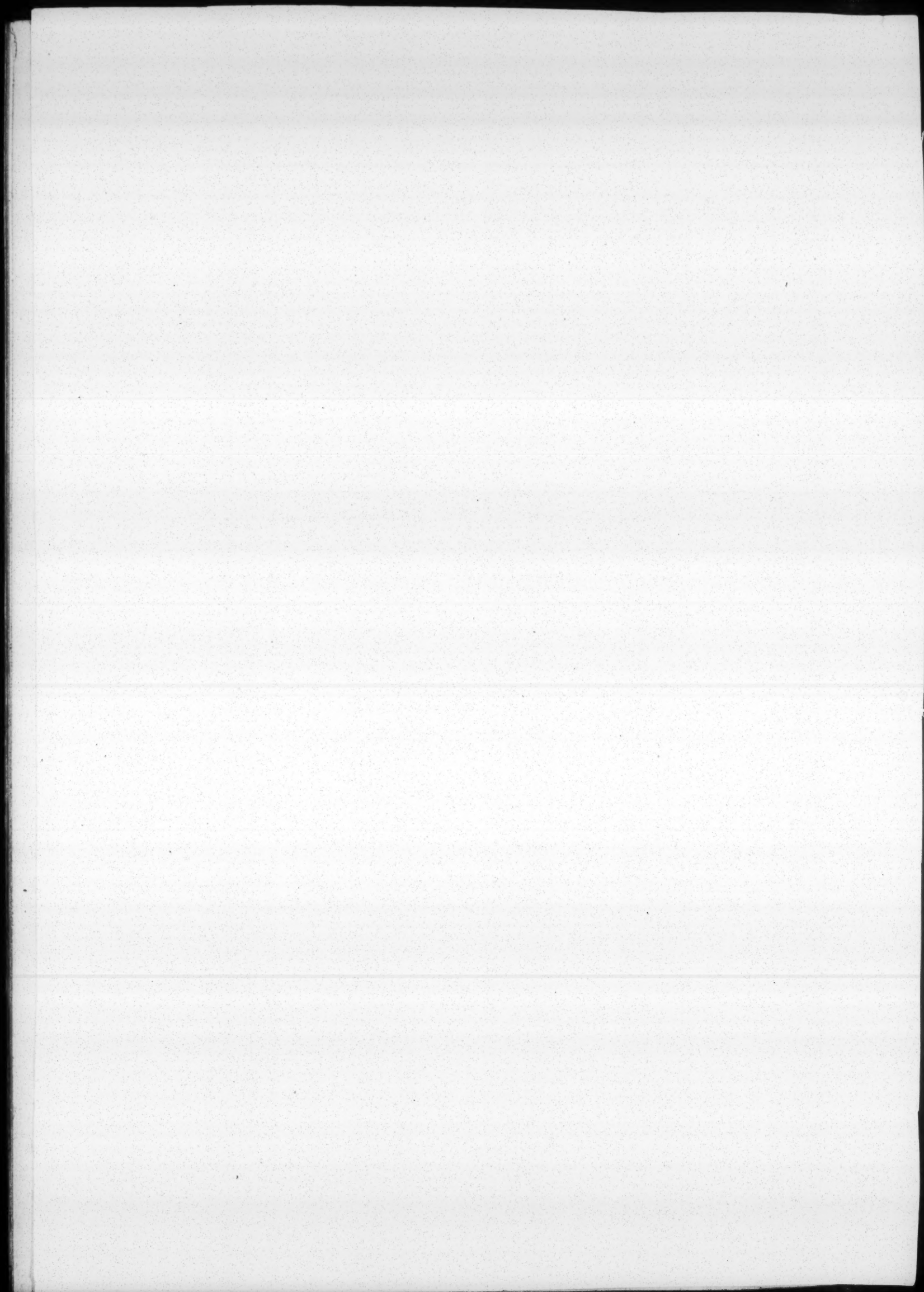
them from the heights, leaving their impregnations on the surface of the earth. Large masses, of a green colour, appeared on many of the points, which we supposed to have been caused by the quantity of copperas that lies on the rocks; and we likewise found several stones strongly infused with a tincture of that mineral.

Nor are these cliffs deficient in iron; several springs issue from the sides of them, which, in their passage to the sea, leave a sediment behind them tinged with it. A great quantity of iron ore lies along the beach, which, like the rocks before described, had received additional strength from having been exposed to the air and sea. Some of these we found as soft as clay, and many harder than the rocks themselves; for, on opposing their strength, the iron remained whole, while the rocks chipped in pieces.

These rocks and earths, when the water leaves them, appear very like the Glaciere mountains, in Switzerland; several hundred

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dred points shoot upwards, gradually decreasing in their circumference. We observed that the springs, even when not augmented by the rain, formed two or three cascades ; and these, at the time we viewed them, were by no means contemptible ones. We thought them so interesting that we took the annexed view of them. But it must be observed, that as these scenes, from the before-mentioned devastations, alter every year, they may not perhaps be found exactly in the same position as when viewed by us. Whether they are or no, it is certain they will not be seen to less advantage, as every summer adds fresh, though transient beauties to them.

The time to see them in their greatest perfection must be while the sun is setting ; his beams then giving additional force to every touch Nature so wantonly sports with ; as they stand at the close of the day directly in his focus.

We now passed along the beach, still nearer to the white borders of the Needles,



dles, where fresh objects enchanted our sight. A stupendous ascent, near five hundred feet in height, with another rather less, one of them of a perfect pink colour, the other of a bright ochre with its foot covered with the green sediment of copperas, had an appearance as wonderful as uncommon. So sudden a difference, though singular, must, when blended in a picture, produce a charming harmony. The only stiff object was the white cliffs; but the glare of these was rather alleviated by the weeds which hung down them, and the blue surface of the flints.

The point that extends to those fatal rocks, called the Needles, (which once, there is not the least room to doubt, formed the extremity of the land,) is near a quarter of a mile in length. From its sides flow several streams, but they are too small to form a body. The quality of the water of these streams is allowed, by several gentlemen who have analyzed it, to be very good. They are chiefly chalybeate; but one we tasted left the rancorous flavour  
of

of copperas behind. It was not, however, sufficient to affect the stomach. There is every probability that this long waste will in time become, like the Needles, a terror to seamen ; but it will require many centuries to bring so grand an object to perfection.

As we returned, a number of small stones rattled down from the sides of the rocks, which we thought, at first, were thrown by some playfome boys who were above ; but we soon found it was occasioned by the sheep that were grazing ~~on~~ the very brink of the precipice, some of whom had even got below the edge, in order to pick up the herbs that skirt its brow.

The only inhabitants of this dreadful promontory are gulls and puffings, who resort to it about the month of May, to breed, and leave it towards September. The country people resident in this part of the island are very dexterous in taking the eggs of these birds. This they do by means of an iron crow, which they fix  
into



into the ground on the top of the cliffs, and suspending themselves from it, in a basket fastened to a rope, they get at the nests.— A method not unlike that pursued by the gatherers of samphire, from the side of Dover Cliff, as described by Shakespeare, in his King Lear :

“ ————— Half way down

“ Hangs one that gathers samphire;—dreadful trade !

“ Methinks, he seems no bigger than his head.”

As soon as the men get thus suspended, they halloo ; upon which the birds quit the holes wherein their eggs are deposited, and, flying away, leave them a prey to the unfeeling plunderer. The eggs of these birds are found here in great plenty, and this is the only part of the coast where they build. Some of them make even the Needles a receptacle for their young. Strangers frequently buy these eggs through curiosity ; but they are seldom eaten, except by the country people who take them, and who likewise sometimes destroy the birds for the sake of their feathers,

feathers, by knocking them down with sticks as they fly out of their holes.

The chief food of these birds is fish, which they take with extraordinary agility, picking them up as they skim along the surface of the sea. The puffing is a species of the seagull, differing from it only in colour, its head and wings being promiscuously covered with brown spots.—Many gentlemen resort to these cliffs, in order to enjoy the amusement of shooting; and as, upon hearing the report of the gun, several hundreds of the birds leave their holes at a time, and hover about, they generally find excellent sport.

At Lymington the Needles have a very pleasing appearance, not unlike that which St. Catherine's makes when seen from Freshwater gate. The singular effects that time has wrought on the beach of these celebrated rocks, was the last thing which engaged our attention.—The pebbles and flints lying on the surface of it, are perfectly smooth, from the repeated friction of



the waves, and the force with which the sea dashes them against each other; so that they appear exactly like a great number of marbles, only of a more considerable size. Here likewise many veins of iron, resembling water-pipes, like those at Freshwater gate, before described, launch a long way into the sea; and, although the bottom is sandy, it requires a thorough knowledge of the coast to land clear of the rocky parts.

The weeds, called here by the country people dulse and tangle, grow and flourish on these rocks; and they are likewise superbly touched with a bright yellow moss, which adds relief to the other tints that strew the shore. Allum is also found here, but in no great quantity, nor very good in its quality. From this circumstance we may suppose the bay to have received its name.

## SECTION

## SECTION X.

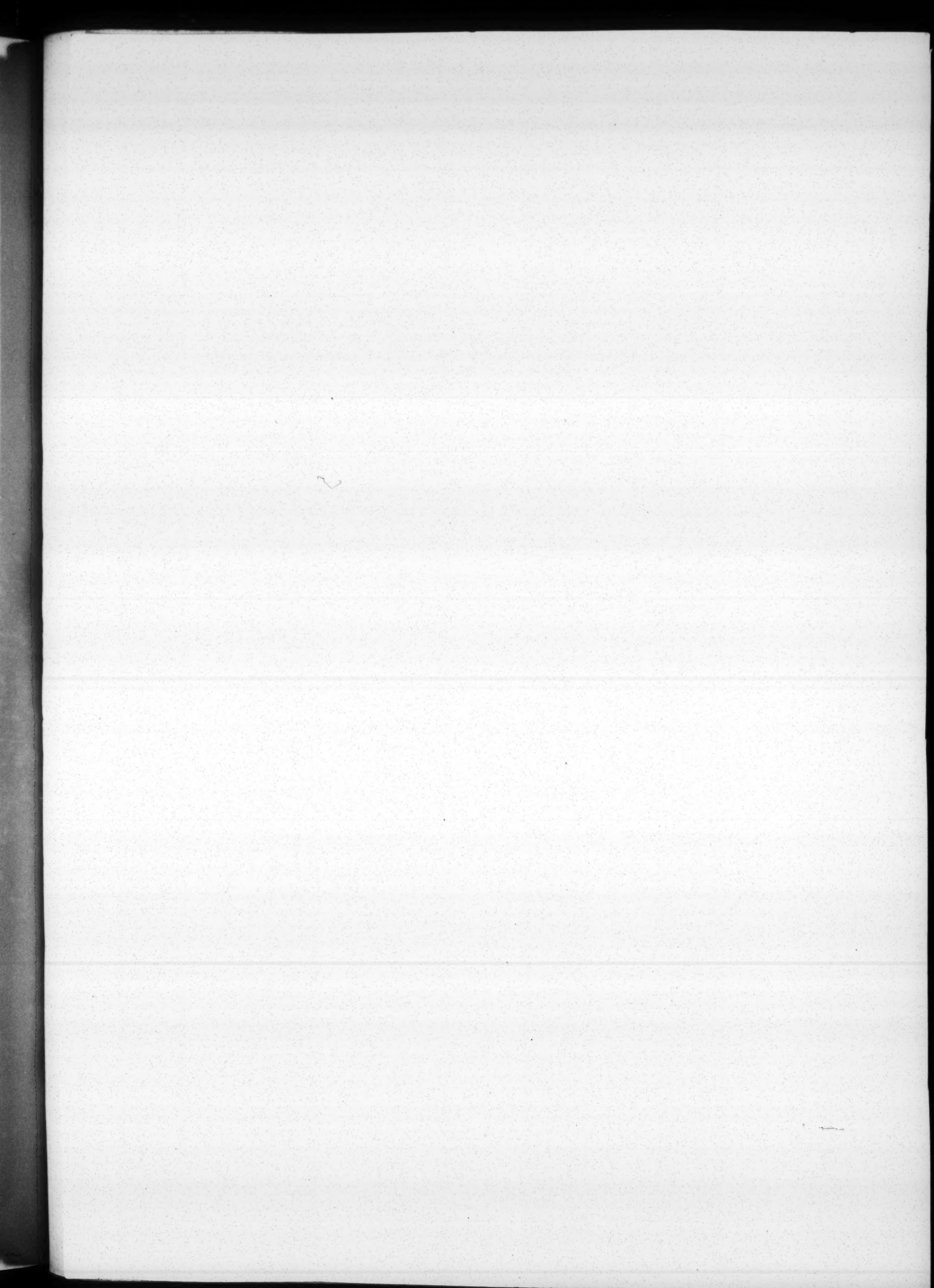
WE now left this place, but not without great regret, having received inexpressible pleasure from its tremendous grandeur ; of which we have endeavoured to give our readers some idea in the annexed plate. Having mounted our horses, and being joined by the gentleman we had accidentally fallen in with, we set out with a design to ascend the downs of Freshwater ; but missing the road, we attempted to climb the mountain. The slipperiness, however, of the grass, occasioned by the rain and the steepness of its sides, prevented us from carrying this design into execution. We accordingly dismounted, and, with great difficulty, regained the road. And we would take this opportunity to caution all those who visit the Isle of Wight, not, in any part of it, to leave the beaten road, if they can possibly avoid it ; for though the people of the country, who are not easily terrified at any intricacies, can readily find the nearest way from



place to place over the downs, yet if you do not perceive a track to lead up the hill, you may be assured there is no passable road that way.

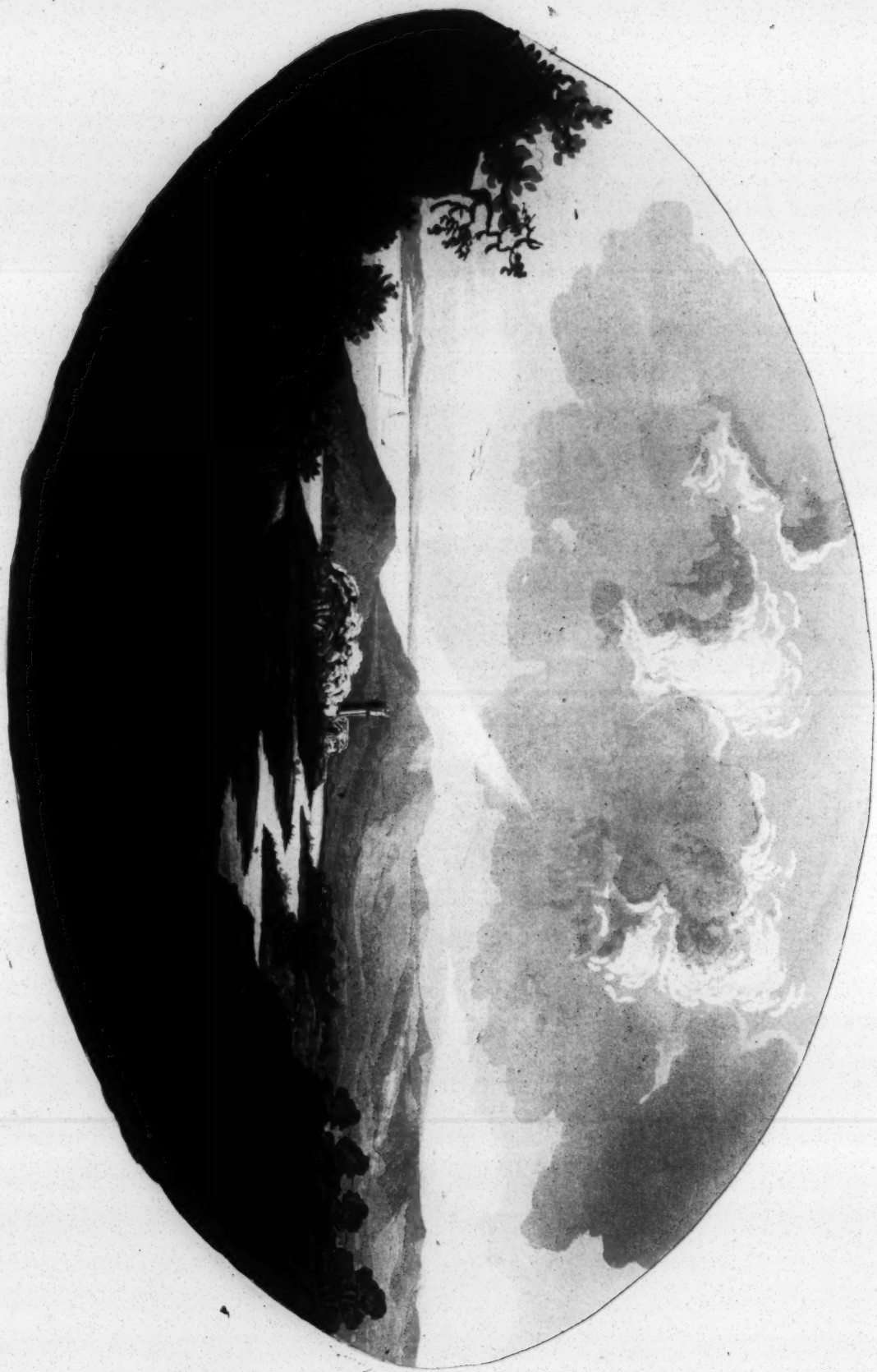
Having regaled ourselves at Freshwater gate, we again mounted the downs of Afton. From the extreme height of these plains, and of the adjacent ones, we generally found the summits of them barren, while the vallies are exceedingly fruitful; and where the hills are cultivated, and grain sown, from the almost continual north-east winds that sweep over them in the winter, and their being exposed to the scorching rays of the sun in the summer, (a contrast unfavourable to vegetation,) we often observed, that while a part of it was green, the rest was stunted and parched up. This difference in the ripeness, together with the smallness of the ear, even in its highest perfection, renders the cultivation of corn on these elevated spots very unprofitable, and not worthy of the farmer's attention.

They, however, afford a sweet and rich  
pasture













pasture for sheep, and some are kept upon them ; yet not so many as there might be ; nor is it in the power of argument to prevail on the farmers to extend so beneficial a branch. The sheep in these parts appear to be of the Dorsetshire breed—tall, and well fleeced ;—and the mutton is equal in goodness to any in Great Britain.

Wishing to keep as close to the sea shore as possible, we now made for Compton Chine ; but met with nothing interesting till we crossed Compton Down ; we then came to a small village, called Brook. The chine of Brook has a greater chasm to present than Compton ; but even this did not come up to our expectations. The village of Brook lies in a recess formed by two mountains, which shelter it from the violence of the winds.

The places to which, in these parts, the name of *chine* is given, are breaks or chasms in the cliffs, which seem to have been occasioned by some violent eruption  
or



or infringement of the ocean. Through some of them we observed springs to flow.

From Brook we crossed to Mottiston ; and in our way passed through a soil entirely different from any we had hitherto seen. For near two miles the surface of the road consisted of sand, perfectly red. Under this was a vein of white sand. And beneath that a great quantity of iron ore, intermixed with flint and chalk.

The variation of the soil in this island is beyond description. They may be truly termed the vagaries of Nature ; in which she sports with uncontrolled extravagance. Every year, to an observant and frequent visitor of the island, she presents something new ; and in every alteration she seems to be more luxuriant. To-day we find her thrusting forth some bold promontory into the sea, in order to check the impetuous waves, and afford the mariner an asylum from their fury. To-morrow, unmindful of the magnificence of her former work, she hurls the foaming wave against its stately side,

fide, and levels it with the humbler shore ; and probably after having tumbled this precipice headlong down its craggy steep, she forms a rugged stony channel for some rapid torrent, produced by the heavy rains that so frequently annoy the western coasts of England ; which rushing down its fide, forms at once masses for the artist, and presents a pleasing sight to the curious spectator.

The hills of Yarmouth, as well as the vallies of Newtown and Shalfleet, were no longer visible, as we proceeded to Mottiston, being intercepted by the Brixton mountains, which, from their height, except directly in the road-way, are utterly impassable. The village of Mottiston is a very desirable spot, pleasantly situated, and commanding charming views of the sea. The church is antique, but almost robbed of its grandeur by the modern mode of beautifying we have so often censured.

About half a mile from the village, after we had left it, a scene presented itself that  
struck



struck us with surprize and admiration. The village, behind us, which is almost furrounded by woods, just opened sufficient to present its church, spire, and entrance; together with an old house of stone, which the sun caught full upon;—the trees lying in shadow, formed the fore-ground;—while the distant cliffs of Freshwater, Main Bench, and Scratchel's Bay, closed upon the verdure of the wood which furrounded the village, and brought it out;—the relief was astonishing, and the sight peculiarly pleasing. The sea lay in shadow in the distance; and several vessels, with light glancing on their top-sails, finished the view.

Such scenes frequently encounter the eye here, but fall infinitely short when described, of what they are in reality. To pourtray them in their own glowing colours is not in the power of my pen or pencil; to point out such as are most striking, and to give a description as nearly adequate as possible, is the utmost I can do.

The downs of Brixton on our left often  
afforded

afforded fine back-grounds. A number of rocks start from the brows of the hills, the moss and grass charmingly blending on their surface. A few patches of white, occasioned by holes which the sheep had made to lie in, were rather disgusting to the sight. From the very great height of the rocks, the sheep that grazed on the brows of them appeared like dots of white; they, however, when they grouped, strongly heightened the effect. There was a littleness in the valley before us, occasioned by several awkward clumps of ill-grown trees, that broke the fine sweeps it took. The hill of St. Catherine's and Appuldurcombe terminated the view. Black Down also presented its loftiness, and added to the scene.

We left Pitt Place and Chilton Chine to the right, and passed on to Brixton, or, as it is called here, Brison. The corruption of this proper name renders it necessary for me to mention, that the names of places are not uncommonly corrupted in these parts. Nay, if you enquire the road to any place, calling it as it is usually writ-



ten, the odds are considerably against you, but that they tell you there is no such place. Even the people of Newport indulge themselves in these liberties ; so that unless you have a map with you to rectify their misnomers, you are very often at a loss how to proceed.

Brixton is one of the largest villages in this part of the island, and, in my opinion, one of the pleasiest. The road through it is clean, and kept in good order. It is conveniently situated, in point of distance, from the bay to which it gives name. The parish church belonging to it stands towards the skirts of the village ; but this also has had the iron hand of embellishment laid on it. A stream passes through this place, which takes its rise near Mottistown, and empties itself into the bay at Jackman's Chine. At the bottom of the village, as we coursed its sides, we observed this brook to widen, when it afforded a pleasing effect.

The inundation of the sea, completing what some eruption had begun, forms here  
a short

a short declivity, overgrown with scrubby bushes. There is also a boat-house here, where several boats are kept in readiness to assist the unfortunate mariners, in case of shipwrecks, which are not unfrequent on this coast. The bay, as to its appearance, affords nothing very pleasing to the sight; every wave, however, that broke upon its beach, where there is a constant surf, brought a charm with it.

This surf we soon viewed in all its terrors; for the morning turning hazy, a storm commenced, which obliged us to take shelter in the boat-house. From hence we saw the sea, with its wonted fury, waging war with the more peaceable cliff; while the torrent, in wild career, rushing from the heights down the clay and stony steep, forced its way through the foaming billows, and tintured with its streams the borders of the bay.

After waiting an hour, by which time the storm was abated, we again set forward, with a determination to skirt the

A a 2

boundaries



boundaries of the cliffs which lay nearest to the sea. Several recesses obtrude themselves on the land, but without producing that terrific effect we had frequently seen them do.

We swept round the Bay of Brixton, but received no very great pleasure from viewing its formal plains. On our left we observed Black Down to open, and present us with a view of Culver Cliffs, which lie at the eastern extremity of the island. The vallies throughout the island frequently form a curve round the foot of some dreadful precipice, and lead your sight to the most beautiful scenes. We were here gratified with one of these; which, disdaining all bounds, began its opening at Sandown, to the eastward, and turning round the foot of St. Catherine's, joined the vallies of Brixton and Chale, and from thence ran on to Freshwater. Notwithstanding we were now on the lowest part of the island, we had a very plain and distinct view of its extremest bounds.

It

It may be necessary to remark, for the benefit of those who visit these parts, that, in going round this coast, great inconvenience attends keeping close to the sea; as the road over the downs is impassable for carriages, and even very troublesome to those on horseback; there being near fifty gates between Freshwater gate and St. Catherine's, and those of the worst kind. In almost every field we were obliged to dismount, in order to cut the cords by which they were fastened, otherwise we should not have been able to have proceeded.

Continuing our route, we came to Barns Hole, which might properly be deemed a chine. As the operations of Nature in the formation of works of this kind admit of many hypotheses, I shall give my opinion of it with diffidence. Barns Hole is a vast chasm in the earth, fronting the sea, which extends a considerable way towards Brixton; and, as you enter it, inspires the mind with horror. The entrance has the appearance of leading to some subterraneous passage, which furnishes a retreat for a nest of robbers



bers. The sides of it are four hundred feet high, measured from the water, and are coated on the outside with a dismal black earth, which confirms the terror impressed on the imagination by the first view of it. It is surrounded by a loathsome, unfruitful soil, and scarcely a shrub cares to cling to its steep ascents. A stream passes through it that empties itself into the sea.

The reflections that arose in our minds on viewing such a combination of striking effects, were, that they must have been occasioned by some great convulsion of Nature; who, being internally overloaded, discharged the extraneous matter by some terrible eruption. This supposition seems to be confirmed by the quantity of minerals, and the variety of soils, that are found about it. Several specimens of sulphurous matter, though not very strongly impregnated, lay on the shore.

## SECTION

SECTION XI.

**W**E now made our way towards Atherfield Point, leaving the village of Atherfield, and also Kingstone, to the left. A great nobleness of valley extends all the way to Chale ; but it is too much cultivated to afford an artist satisfaction.

Still continuing on the downs, we came to that point of Chale Bay which is called Atherfield Point, traversing nearly the same kind of soil and country we had hitherto done. The hills of St. Catherine began now to form a noble appearance. At Freshwater, as we observed before, they looked like castles ; here they appeared like fortresses of great strength. From the regular breaks in the rocks, and these being not unlike gun-ports, or embrasures, they might, about twilight, be easily mistaken for such.

Its heights are grand and picturesque, and they clearly prove that this island,  
with



with regard to its formation, has every advantage; for where the sea would, from the part being most exposed to its fury, have committed a breach, the land, boldly rising, protects it from every inundation. And, if we may judge from what the inhabitants say of it, the Isle of Wight has scarcely its equal in the world.—Its land (say they) is fertile; its husbandmen industrious; its females prolific; its hills a sure protection from the devastations of the sea; its coasts too rocky to admit the approach of an enemy; and, above all, its inhabitants cheerful, good tempered, and hospitable; all uniting in the wish and endeavour to render their island attractive in every respect to strangers.

I must here remark, that the parts of the island we were before speaking of, are so unlike the eastern shores, in point of appearance, that was a person to be suddenly transported from one part to the other, I am of opinion he would scarcely believe he were upon the same island.

We







We now passed Walpan Chine, and another small infringement of the ocean, where are a few huts belonging to some boatmen and fishermen, which severely feel the ravaging effects of the sea. About the middle of Chale Bay, on the top of the cliffs, there stands a house, which appears to have been erected for the reception of travellers ; but at the time we passed it, it was locked up ; so that we could procure no refreshment.

We now arrived at one of those cavities before described, called Black-Gang Chine, which we were informed received its name from a gang of pirates who formerly made it their place of residence ; and its appearance seems fully to confirm this supposition ; for it is far more dreadful to behold than those mentioned in the foregoing sections. The size of the chasm, and its tremendous shelving rocks, cannot fail of inspiring the mind with horror. The imagination, while viewing it, may almost lead the inquisitive traveller to fancy that the earth had just opened her horrid jaws, and, from the very spot on which he then stood, had entombed



in her bowels some unwary traveller, who, like himself, was prying into the wonderful operations of Nature.—I never beheld so awful a sight as these ponderous steeps exhibit. The sides of the chasm, which are little short of five hundred feet high, are shelving, and many parts of the top are overspread with shrubs.

On its summit a spring takes its rise, and winds slowly down to the sea. The slowness of its course prevents it from proving detrimental to the cliffs. The water issuing from this spring is of a peculiar nature. It acts as a gentle aperient. When first poured into a bottle, it is as clear as crystal; but after remaining in it some time, a very considerable sediment appears at the bottom. We separated some of this sediment, and found it to contain particles of iron ore, which emitted a sulphurous smell. Several copperas stones lay about, especially in the streams proceeding from the springs, which seemed to be in their native state. Some specimens of rock allum were likewise strewn

strewn around, but not in the same profusion as at Allum Bay.

Many ships have fatally experienced the destructive effects of the rocks that line Chale Bay.—They just lurk underneath the surface of the water, and, in conjunction with the Cape of Rocken End, occasion very heavy swells, especially if the wind be southerly. When the tide runs strong, and the wind is south-west, if a vessel is not far enough to the southward to weather the point of St. Catherine's, she is sure to be upon the rocks. It is still within the remembrance of many, that, during one tempestuous night, not less than fourteen sail met their fate in this dangerous bay: and scarcely a winter passes but what accidents of the same kind happen. But as for some years past boats have been kept in readiness, and men are constantly attending to afford every assistance upon such occasions, many lives have been preserved.

We are sorry, however, to be obliged to add, that the savage custom of plundering



wrecks, and stripping the dead, whenever these accidents happen, too much prevails among the country people resident on the western coast. Deaf to the calls of Humanity, these unfeeling wretches hear with unconcern the cries of the shipwrecked mariner, struggling with the boisterous waves; or see the beautiful corpse of some fair passenger lying lifeless on the beach, perhaps still pressing a beloved infant to her bosom. Intent only on securing their ill-got property, they cannot bestow a thought on the unfortunate; nor will one among them suffer a tender sensation to make its way to his heart.

To procure a restoration of the property thus inhumanly obtained, or to bring these lawless plunderers to justice, is equally impracticable; as every one shares in the plunder, it is the interest of every individual to unite in concealing or defending it.

The salvage usually allowed for saving merchandize from ships wrecked, may sometimes be thought worth attention,  
and

and be the means of protecting it from avaricious depredators; but as it is seldom that any emolument arises from the preservation of lives, little attention is in general paid to that point. Were a premium to be offered by government for every person preserved from a shipwrecked vessel, and a medal, as a badge of distinction, added to it by some great personage; or was a society to be established for the promotion of so benevolent a purpose; many that now perish for want of needful assistance, might be restored to usefulness and society.

It has been known that the most daring exertions on these occasions have met with a very inadequate recompence.—An instance of this kind is still talked of in the Isle of Wight. At the time the *Juno*, a Dutch frigate, was lost on this coast, a smuggler, with four other persons, ventured out to her assistance, notwithstanding they were in the extremest danger from the violence of the surf, which every instant made its way over the boat. They, however, at length gained the ship, and brought off, and safely  
landed



landed the whole of the crew, except three persons, who were washed off the raft. And for a deed which British seamen alone could have accomplished ;—a deed worthy of the highest praise, and the most ample remuneration ;—the only recompence they received was a paltry ten pound bank note.—Can we wonder then that such exertions are not more frequently heard of ?

We could not pass the fatal spot where so many brave seamen, the support and glory of this commercial kingdom, find an untimely grave, without heaving a sigh ; and, at the same time indulging a wish that some method may be devised to prevent every avoidable decrease of so valuable a body of men.

Leaving this gloomy track, we proceeded to the village of Chale, which lies about a mile to the left of the Chine, and is but a small and irregular place. The church, which was founded during the reign of Henry the First, is, in the tower part, very much like that of Carisbrook, but not so large.

As

As you ascend the hill beyond it, looking back, the valley toward Freshwater appears very extensive;—Brixton down binds the right-hand screens;—the ocean diminishes to the left;—while the cliffs at the Needles close the land view, and in some degree soften the formal valley. Too great a number of unpleasing lines range down the dale, which throws a stiffness over it.

The people of the island call it a garden; and so it really is; but in too great a degree to please an amateur of the true picturesque. This part of the island, as to its appearance, differs very much from the northern part, which is occasioned by a want of wood to give a variegation to its colours. A sameness runs through the whole, the downs of Brixton excepted, which in some parts are scrubby, with broken ground; but in this not equal to what we afterwards saw on the east-side of St. Catherine's.

From Chale we mounted St. Catherine's Hill, which we found far steeper than any we had hitherto met with; and nearly the whole way was not very safe for a horse.

The



The road lies on the side of a precipice, at least three hundred feet high, and tremendous to look down; the opposite side is bounded by a bank. After some difficulty we at length attained its summit.

This hill is said to be the highest in the island; but whether it is so we will not take upon ourselves to say; as, after frequent experiments, such as comparing it with the appearance of the other hills, we still remained in doubt.

Stories are told by the inhabitants of the parish of Chale of the sinking of Week down, which lies about three miles off, in the intermediate way between St. Catherine's and Shanklin down. They say, that formerly Shanklin down, through the interference of Week down, could only be seen from St. Catherine's; whereas now it is visible from Chale down; consequently either Week down must have sunk considerably, or Shanklin down must have increased its altitude. And some of the old people tell you that this has partly happened within their  
own

own remembrance. So wonderful are the operations of Nature, that it is not for man to say, " It cannot be ;" but this is an event so far out of her usual course, that I own I could not readily give credit to it.

On the top of St. Catherine's is a lighthouse, and a beacon, neither of which are now used. The tower serves, in the day time, for an excellent land-mark ; it being near eight hundred feet above the level of the sea at low water. A small part of the chapel is remaining ; it is in form an octagon, and by some called the hermitage, from the circumstance of a priest's having formerly immured himself in it from the world.

As we examined the inside of this place of holy retirement, the story of Dr. Goldsmith's Hermit instantly occurred to our remembrance, and impressed itself on our minds. The hearth whereon he had once trimmed the chearful embers ; the wicket ; and many other circumstances, led us to fancy that this might have been the spot where Edwin had taken up his abode ; and



that the pleasing tale owed its birth to the Hermitage of St. Catherine's. The wilderness alone was wanting to complete the imagined scene.

The views from the hill are very extensive, and likewise reminded us of that elegant and natural poet who, in his "Travel-ler," from among the Alpine solitudes looks down, and thus exclaims:

" Ye glittering towns, with wealth and splendor crown'd,  
" Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round,  
" Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale,  
" Ye bending swains, that dress the flow'ry vale,  
" For me your tributary stores combine ;  
" Creation's tenant, all the world is mine."

We had from hence a complete view round the island, except in one point, which was interrupted by the downs of Brixton, these lying too near the sight.—To the west, the islands of Purbec and Portland were very distinguishable ;—the land towards Lymington seemed almost to join the island ; a small part of the channel by which it is separated being visible, but barely sufficient to let you see what it was ;—the New Forest  
reared

reared its oaks on the hills, and ranged to the mouth of Hampton water ;—the point towards Monckton fort was perfectly conspicuous, and the hills of Portsdown closed its extent ;—we could also see land at a very great distance to the eastward ; and it is affirmed by some, that the point which forms the bay of Brighton, is to be perceived from hence.

The Culver cliffs bound another valley, which, as before observed, joins Brixton dale. The woody descents of Ride seemed to slope gradually to the water's edge, and softened the harsher lines of the mountains.

On the side of the hill of St. Catherine's that lies towards the sea, the descent is quite perpendicular, 'till interrupted by a small flat green of no considerable width, when it again descends in the same abrupt manner, to the water's edge. The river Medina takes its rise at the foot of this hill, and after passing through Newport, empties itself into the sea at Cowes. The sources from whence the river originates, are secured by this hill



from any inundation of the sea; which the inhabitants say was never known to happen on any part of their coasts, except during the winter months, in a small degree at Gurnet bay.

When we descended the hill, an odd circumstance attracted our notice, which though trivial in itself, we mention, as it may appear as singular to our readers as it did to us. It being harvest time, a chearfulness and jollity seemed to prevail at a farm-house we passed at the bottom of the hill, which did not extend to the whole of the inhabitants; for we observed that a fine game cock and his feathered mate walked about in a melancholy mood. Instead of "proudly strutting before his dame to the stack, or the barn door," as the cock described by Milton did, poor Chanticleer went slowly on, with a large piece of flat stick fastened to his breast, followed by his solitary companion, dame Partlet, who had a clog tied to her leg, of the same kind as those fixed on the legs of horses, though not so large. And this was done we found to prevent their entering  
the

the fields, and committing depredations on the newly reaped corn. We soon after saw several others hampered nearly in the same manner.—A fight, at once so droll and so novel, afforded us no little entertainment.

From St. Catherine's we crossed the common fields to Niton, which is frequently termed Crab Niton, from the great number of crabs found on that coast. The want of a good road to this village makes the visiting it very inconvenient to travellers. The soil here is of a different nature from what we had hitherto passed; it appeared to consist of a fine mould, without any mixture of its favourite accompaniment, chalk.

From the top of St. Catherine's this village presents itself as one of the nearest; Godfill, Brixton, Mottifton, Chale, Kingf-ton, and several others are also within sight.

The village of Niton has nothing of novelty to attract attention, nor has it even pleasantness of situation to boast; it being entirely immured between two hills, so that  
there



there is neither a view of the sea, nor a good land prospect to be had from it. There is a neat brick house in it belonging to the Rev. Mr. Barwis, which is the only one worthy of notice; all the rest are cottages, intermixed with a few farm-houses.

From hence we took the right-hand road to Buddle; where a part of the cliffs break up, and form the commencement of those called Under Cliff. The appearance of this immense pile of rocks is noble, picturesque, and grand; and so spacious are they, that the downs of Chale are supported by them. All the broken rocky parts, which have been separated from the main body, are over-grown with shrubs, and sweetly soften their rugged texture. Several cottages rear their heads from among the bushes, and, by contrasting Art with Nature in its rudest state, shows to great advantage the romantic face of the latter.

This point affords a great variety of objects:—a clump of bushes frequently relieves a piece of rock, which, as if ashamed







ed to shew itself, hides the greatest part of its grandeur in a bed of moss, or clay. Here, as just observed, the commencement of Under Cliff, towards Steep-hill, or Steeple, as it is commonly called, takes place. And the name of Under Cliff is not improperly given to it ; as a huge precipice, of a very considerable height, hung shelving on our left-hand for many miles. In some places it was at least five hundred feet from the level of the sea ; in others not quite so much.

## SECTION



## SECTION XII.

NEAR Niton we received so cordial and hospitable a reception from a farmer residing there, that to pass it unnoticed would argue at once a want of gratitude and sensibility.—It was one of those delicious moments that a heart set in unison with Sterne's, could alone fully enjoy—the pen of Sterne alone truly describe.—The power of obliging seemed to make happy ; —the eyes of our kind host sparkled with pleasure when we partook of the refreshment set before us ;—nor could our most earnest entreaties prevail on him to remit his assiduities. We found in this humble shed the plenty of a palace, without its irksome pomp and parade.—All here was ease, content, and happiness.—Happy in himself, and happy in his connections, care had not spread a wrinkle over the brow of our beneficent entertainer.—His countenance spoke a heart serene and placid, from a consciousness of its own benignity. The attentive parent and the fond father  
also

also betrayed itself in every word. " My  
 " children," cried he, in enumerating his  
 comforts, " I consider as one of the greatest  
 " of the blessings Heaven has bestowed upon  
 " me; without them life would be insup-  
 " portable." Speaking afterwards of his  
 situation, he said, " Envy never entered  
 " this mansion.—I covet not wealth;—the  
 " little I have I lie down contented with,  
 " and rise in the morning full of gratitude  
 " to the Great Giver; nor do I know a  
 " greater pleasure than in sharing that lit-  
 " tle with others." As the worthy man  
 said this, the tear of sensibility started to  
 his eye, and communicated to those of my  
 friend, whose hand he had squeezed during  
 the pious impromptu; and I could perceive  
 a sympathetic drop steal down his cheek  
 also. " My God!" exclaimed my friend,  
 casting a look towards the farmer's wife  
 and children, " this is, indeed"—Here he  
 stopped, and, turning, left the room. How  
 did my heart also vibrate at the affecting  
 scene!—But to return.

Having taken leave of the worthy far-  
 D d mer,



mer, with every expression of gratitude our lips could utter, we left his hospitable mansion, and proceeded to Steep Hill. The afternoon was, beyond description, enchanting; the scenes delightful; and every thing tended to keep alive that gentle flame of benevolent sensibility which the foregoing incident had just lighted up in our bosoms.

The great hand of Nature seems to have judiciously selected this spot for exhibiting one of her grandest strokes. The entrance to the cliff is from the road, which was apparently forced over rugged steeps, that would otherwise have been impassable. A grand burst broke on our left, its heights pleasingly variegated by clinging shrubs. On the opposite side of the road lay a huge mass of rock that had fallen from some overloaded eminence, and which served as a counterpart in the fore-ground. Many others obstructed the labour of the husbandman, and contributed to enrich the subject.

A ray of light crept imperceptibly on  
the

the rocks to our left.—The effect was soft, but not equal to what a stronger light would have produced. Transits of light and shade are continually straying over these heights, which, when caught by the eye, sudden as the effect is, cannot fail to impress the mind with ideas of grandeur; and though the pencil might not be able to touch these transitions, the mind is not the less convinced of their efficacy.

For nobleness of fore-grounds, I am of opinion, this spot is not to be exceeded, if equalled, in England. The rocks in general are finely tinted, and lie in masses extremely large; nor does the foliage fall short of its other beauties. In this part, nurtured by the southerly winds, vegetation is most luxuriant. A vernal-green ash, spreading its branches to the way-worn road, is often seen entwining its charms with the stately oak, each adding grace to the other's grandeur.

The vegetative effect which the southerly wind has on the trees, shrubs, and plants of this



island, is worthy of remark. Long before any of them arrive at maturity, through the prevalence of the wind from this point, they all incline towards the north, nodding their stately heads, as if they set the chilling blasts of Boreas at defiance. In the vallies, where they are sheltered by the surrounding hills from every pernicious blast, they thrive with an astonishing degree of luxuriance.— This observation may seem to favour of exaggeration; but so far from it, that no description it is in the power of my pen to give, can come up to the picturesque beauties these spots afford, or convey an adequate idea of the rapturous hours I have passed in contemplating them.

The road to St. Lawrence is through the same mysterious track of rocks; but it is kept in such good repair, that a carriage may pass with great safety. Except here and there a small clump of trees, with a homely farm sheltering itself in them, nothing further worth attention strikes the traveller till you approach that village.

The

The extension from the cliffs to the sea shore, is here above half a mile broad, and possessed, if possible, of far more grandeur than those we had already passed. Several huts skirted the road; but we did not observe a house of any size or consideration near it. The church of St. Lawrence is perhaps the smallest at present standing in any of the dioceses of England; with a stick of a moderate length you may reach to nearly two-thirds its height, at the west gable end. From the size of the parish, the usual congregation cannot consist of more than twenty people, and even those must sit very close, I should imagine, to find room.

Having frequently heard of a waterfall at this place, we had pleased ourselves with the hope of seeing a grand display of Nature; but were not a little surprised to find it nothing more than the water of a spring in the village babbling over a few stones.—It is almost too inconsiderable to be noticed.

As soon as we had viewed this celebrated waterfall, we returned to the road, and took  
a view



a view of the village, which is small, and straggling. The road from Whitwell enters the cliffs here, and joins the other road in the village.—Great pains appear to have been taken to render it passable; nor have these pains been unattended with success;—it exceeds the most sanguine expectations that could have been formed of it, when first undertaken.

There are many things in Nature which not only appear incomprehensible to a casual observer, but which cannot always be accounted for by the naturalist.—Of this we met with an instance here. We could not help surveying, with a wonder bordering on astonishment, the sheep that had got over the edges of the craggy precipices, from the downs they grazed on, and lay in the hollows of the rocks, in order to shelter themselves from the heat;—we even observed their bleating young ones carefully to descend, and reach their dams in safety.—How, thus fearless of danger, they leave the plains, and venture on these hazardous declivities, where the least false step must be attended

attended with destruction, is, we believe, beyond the comprehension of the most sagacious naturalist.—So extraordinary did it appear to us, that nothing but ocular demonstration could have convinced us of the truth of it.—The account received from a peasant, had we not seen their situation, would have met with but little credit from us.

A phenomenon of another nature, but not less singular, presented itself to us here. When we sat out from Knowle a storm seemed to be pending in the horizon; and by the time we had reached St. Lawrence we heard several claps of thunder. As every incident which tended to produce picturesque effects instantly attracted our attention, we cast our eyes towards the sea, in order to observe whether any alteration had taken place on its smooth surface; when, to our great surprise, we plainly perceived a vessel, within eight miles of the shore, labouring under the effects of the storm, and apparently in the greatest distress. And what was extremely striking was, that though the sea  
where



where the vessel happened to be, rolled (as it is commonly termed,) mountains high, yet not a breath of that air, which was there so tempestuous, ruffled the water on the beach beneath us.—An operation of Nature that had never before fallen under our inspection ; and we greatly regretted not having with us some ingenious painter, in the marine line, to take an exact representation of it.

A light, rendered more bright by the contrast, had spread itself round the electric cloud, which was thus venting its rage upon the helpless ship, and rendered the scene more gloomy. By a glass, we could perceive that she laboured much under the violence of the storm, and every wave came full fraught with danger. For near an hour did the tempest permit us to behold its raging at a distance ; but at length a brisk wind springing up, it made its way towards us, and we should have shared in its “ pitiless peltings,” had we not retired to a neighbouring cottage, where we continued till it had passed on.

Having

Having returned the owner of the cottage to which we had retired, our thanks for the kind attention shewn us, we once more mounted our horses, and had from hence the completest view of Undercliff, towards Bonchurch, that any part affords. The house of the honourable Wilbraham Tollemache appears full in sight.

The view from hence is too confused for all the parts of it to be contracted into a landscape ; but for the sight, it has every gratification the warmest imagination can wish. The numbers of the rocks, and the uninterrupted verdure twining round them, with large masses of broken ground, compose a scene superb in the extreme.

The rain, which had just ceased, had left its spangles on the bladed grass, faint imitation of the crystal drop gently stealing down the cheek of Beauty ; and as the softest emotions of pity are excited in the manly breast by these, so did those add new charms to the verdure of the cliffs.



Every plant and shrub was clad in its gayest vest, and Nature seemed to be adorned with her liveliest smiles, and to breathe forth her sweetest fragrance.—A briar had courted the embraces of the everlasting ivy ; the season had just tipped their leaves with the remembrance of September, but no more than added lustre to the union. A few ashes hung vibrating from the precipice, bedecked with all the bloom that summer could bestow upon them. While the humble thatch of the scattered cottages, befriended by the downy moss, glared in the brightest yellow ; which but tended to soften the mellower tints of the surrounding plants. In short, the scene exhibited a profusion of charms.

To this the declining rays of the sun did not a little contribute ; every shrub or plant on which they glanced, when gently moved by the passing zephyr, seemed to bow their heads in grateful acknowledgement to the great source of vegetation.

The road still continued over the rocky  
ascents

ascents of these chearful hills. To give an exact representation of all the scenes we passed, is not in our power;—suffice it to say, that they are pleasingly irregular.—Every hundred paces, though on such elevated ground, lead up a fresh hill, or else skirt the descent with a sloping flowery orchard.

The evening had beamed forth its last rays on Steep-hill Cottage, as we passed its elevation; and lulling all Nature to repose, rendered it necessary for us to seek an asylum for the night.



## SECTION XIII.

**G**REAT as the pleasures were which we had enjoyed the preceding day, they did not exceed the satisfaction we received from the permission granted us to view Steep-hill Cottage. This was once the villa of the late right honourable Hans Stanley, then governor of the island; but it now belongs to the honourable Mr. Tollemache.

It was erected by Mr. Stanley, and, from its situation, must have cost an immense sum. From several concurring circumstances, we were led to believe, that even bringing the water up to the house was attended with a very considerable expence.

It is in the true cottage stile.—The roof consists, cottage like, of humble thatch; and the outsides of the walls are covered with white composition; forming together a rural and pleasing appearance. But its inside, for neatness and elegance, beggars description.—It is at once so plain, so truly elegant,

gant, and, though small, so convenient, and so pleasant, that I think I may venture to say I never met with its equal.

The entrance leading from the gate to the house, is lined on both sides with lofty elms and ashes, which form an avenue that reaches almost to the door of the hall, where a display of taste is seen in the surrounding flowers and shrubs.

On the left hand, before we reached the house, stood an urn; and on the right hand, a chair formed of the rough branches of trees, which, though simple, was curious.

As you enter the hall the sight is encountered with fresh beauties; it is not spacious, but in the extreme of taste.—Here are a few pictures by Vandewelde, with several by other masters. But on entering the dining room, we found an exquisite display of the powers of this master's pencil.—We scarcely ever remember seeing a collection of shipping to be compared with it.

The



The piece in particular which hung over the fire-place, is, without exception, one of the finest by that master.—The subject is a ship in a gale of wind, under top-sails. The handling is wonderful; and the penciling clearly pronounces it to be a *chef d'œuvre*.

Two others of considerable merit hung over the doors: we imagined them to be by Brooking.—They are finely touched:—the sea, in one of them, is spirited to a degree. There are also some by De Velieger, executed in a fine manner, particularly the view of Scheveling.

Last, though not least, two landscapes attracted our notice; which, at first sight, we thought to be Gainsborough's.—The colouring clear and beautiful; the drawing not less great; the finishing in his best stile.—We were however much surprised when we were informed, that they were not actually executed by that great master, but copied after two pieces of his, by the honourable Mr. Tollemache, the possessor of the villa.

I shall

I shall not hesitate to pronounce, that were these pictures hanging in some snug corner in town, the most experienced connoisseur, on getting a sight of them, would immediately conclude them to be originals. They only want time to mellow their fresh appearance, and then few would be able to discover the difference.

The subject of one is a cottage; down the steps of which a country girl is descending—A favourite subject of that eminent and much lamented master. The other truly depicted to us the mind of this paragon of natural genius.—It was a small piece of water, with a grey horse in a market cart, flipping the surface of the pool. The distance of both is soft and harmonious, and adds double lustre and effect to the fore-grounds. Of all the copiers from Gainsborough, no one perhaps ever caught his touch and colouring with greater exactness, or has been more chaste in the drawing, than Mr. Tollemache, in the pieces referred to.

There



There being company in the house at the time we were there, we were prevented from seeing the upper part of it ;—a disappointment we submitted to with regret ; as from what we had seen on the ground floor, we had but little doubt of the remainder being furnished and decorated with equal elegance and taste.

The outside of the house is no less free from ostentation in its appearance, than the inside is devoid of every false allurements to catch the eye. The principal view from it is towards the west ; where a bow window projects, that, like the roofs of all the other parts, has only humble thatch for its covering.

A pleasing lawn lies before it, which gradually declining, presents the whole range of St. Lawrence on one side,—the extremity of the ocean on the other. On the right side, at the bottom of the lawn, you pass the wicket that leads to the garden, which, from its situation, cannot fail of being productive. The rocks protect  
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it towards the north, and the sea breezes fan it from the south.

From hence we passed the wing of the house, and entered a path that leads to the grove before mentioned. The offices are some of them in the village, others are adjoining to the house. On the left hand stands the green-house and stabling, but they lie considerably lower than the cottage.

To enumerate the many delightful vicissitudes of this fairy ground, is beyond the power of a pen. I therefore shall conclude my description of it with saying, that to find a spot where those who reside in it are so much respected,—where its vicinity is so pleasing,—its situation so romantic,—and its *tout en-semble* so bewitching,—is next to impossible.

Mr. Tollemache has likewise a brigantine yacht, which, when the weather will permit, lies here to grace the ruder scenes of Nature. The inside of it, we were informed,

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is equally as elegant as his villa, and fitted up with the same taste ; but we had not an opportunity of viewing it.

Parties frequently come to the New Inn, at Steephill, to dine ; where, though they might not find the sumptuous entertainment of a modern hotel, they will meet with every convenience for serving up a cold collation.

Even in this recluse and humble situation a ray of taste is visible. The house being small, the proprietors have encouraged the irregular branches of a fig tree to repose itself on an artificial support ; thereby forming a kind of canopy, which spreading over a daisy-mantled carpet, serves as a pleasing and agreeable receptacle, in which parties continually dine, *al fresco*. On the opposite side a prouder walnut spreads its branches over the seats, and likewise shelters the cheerful guests from the scorching beams of the sun.

The prospect from these rural sheds is very pleasing, but, in point of landscape,  
rather

rather contracted. The hill from whence the village derives its name binds the left-hand screen. The valley opens beneath to the road where Mr. Tollemache's yacht usually lies. To shew how much we were charmed with this place, I cannot help making use of an expression of the late Mr. Quin's, on his leaving Chatworth: "I thought I should at times have broke my neck in getting there; but when I was there, I thought I should have broke my heart to leave it."

The shore here is very rocky, and, when the wind blows fresh from the southward, very dangerous for ships. At such times the yacht leaves her station, and makes for Sandown Bay, or for Spithead.

The inhabitants say, that within the last twenty years the sea has greatly incroached, at this part of the coast, on the land. But if we might judge from the pieces of rock with which the strand is every where strewed, and which must have fallen from the eminences at the time the sea washed their sides, (and this, from every apparent circumstance,



cumstance, must have been the case at some period or other,) it may rather, I think, be concluded that the contrary has happened. The country people, however, think otherwise.

A number of ravens build in these cliffs, and likewise hawks, of a species peculiar to this spot only;—they are of the falcon kind, and found to be the only spot proper for the sport of hawking. Jack-daws, crows, and many other birds, also make them their habitations, and breed on them. Some of the farmers say they have heard of eagles being there; others are of a different opinion. From the situation of the rocks, such a circumstance is not improbable; but as this bird is generally an inhabitant of colder climates, we were rather inclined to give credit to the assertions of the latter.

The people of this place are chiefly fishermen, who in the summer season take great quantities of crabs and lobsters. For this purpose some of them sink more than  
a hundred

a hundred wicker pots, or more properly baskets, at a time; which they bait with whatever kind of flesh or garbage they can procure. And here it may not be improper to hint to the gentlemen of the island, that whenever they lose a dog, they cannot seek for it in a more likely place; though most probably they may chance to come too late to recover it while living. I have myself seen several fine pointers tied up in their huts at a night, which, before the succeeding day has broke, have been made not "worms meat," as Mercutio was, but food for crabs and lobsters. The coast abounds with shell fish of all sorts, to the great convenience of the lower ranks, who purchase them at three pence per pound; that is generally the price fixed when boiled, and they are always sold by weight.

A fish of a very peculiar nature is sometimes taken here, to which the fishermen, from its circular form, give the name of the sun-fish. The appearance of this fish is extremely whimsical, and Nature seems to have been in a sportive humour when she



the first fashioned it. In shape it is nearly round, and does not, like most other fish, branch out into any part that might be termed a tail. One part however is rather pointed, at which the head is fixed; the shoulders are placed at the thickest part; after which it becomes rather oval; and it has four fins, situated at the extremities. Taken altogether, it is a droll composition. We could not help resembling it to a school-boy, who, having worn his long hair for a considerable time dangling down his back, has it, on a sudden, cropped close to his neck.

We had been informed, that here, also, we should see a cascade; our expectations however were soon put a stop to, by beholding a little spring, trickling down the side of a hill, in a contracted channel, devoid of every appearance of grandeur; and possessing nothing worthy of notice, but the large stone by which its mean clue was broken, and which was sufficient to sustain a body of water fifty times more weighty than that running over it.

Leaving

Leaving Steephill, we continued our course towards Bonchurch; during which several curious studies for colouring presented themselves, till we passed the corner of a precipice, from whence the beginning of Little-town Down commences. The shelving sides of this precipice hang tottering over the brink of the deep abyfs, and threaten an intrusion on the road.—It forms a noble side-screen for the general view of Bonchurch;—while from it the sea has a variegated appearance, and finely assists the landscape.

On first viewing the mountain to which the name of Little-town Down is given, a traveller may be led to suppose it Steephill. Its sides, like that, are almost perpendicular, and, as seen from the road, are formed like a sugar-loaf. A few houses lie at its foot; the road to which from Appuldurcombe is dangerous in the extreme. The hill itself is a noble picturesque object; and forms an elegant back-ground to relieve the broken part of the road on which the cottages stand. Here are so many choice pieces



pieces of broken rocks, and fore-grounds well verdured, as at Undercliff; only more contrasted. The foil again alters here, and appears to be composed of flint, with great quantities of tobacco-pipe clay.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.



